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# *The ROTARIAN*

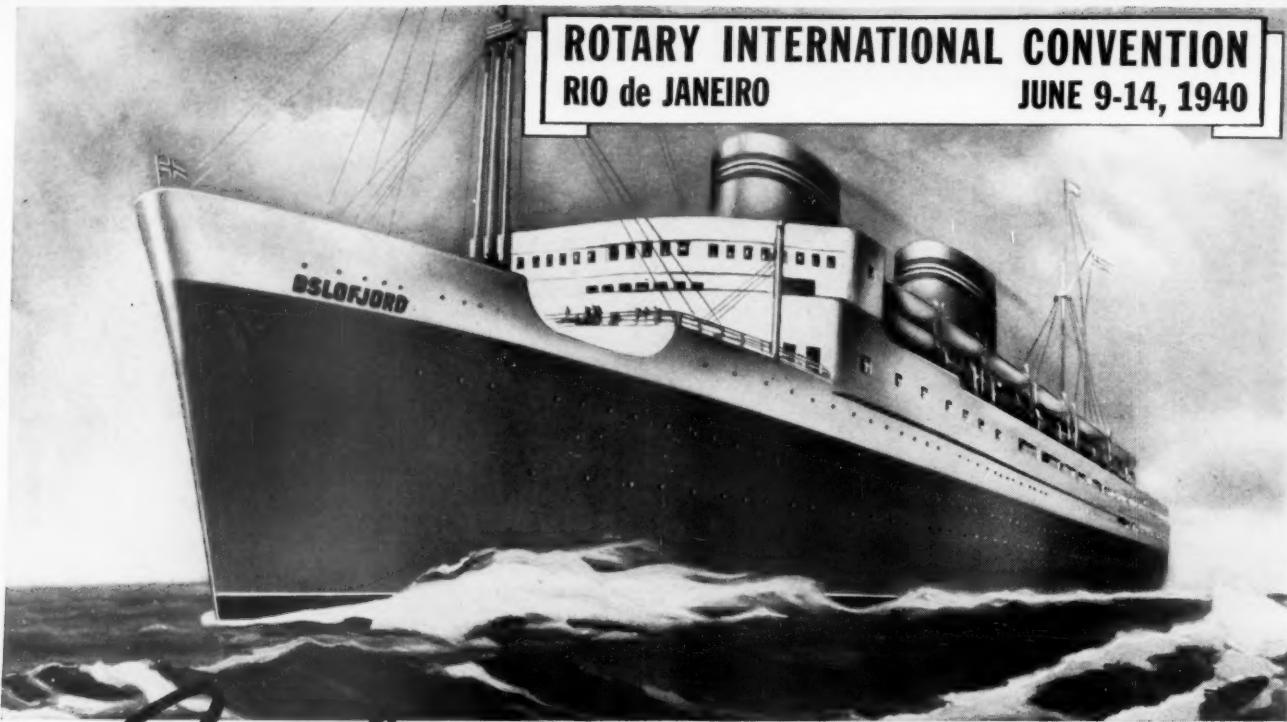


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RIO de JANEIRO  
JUNE 9-14, 1940



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## Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment from the editorial mailbag

### Re: Grim Governors

"Meet Your New District Executives" you say on page 31 of the July ROTARIAN. But meeting them via photograph, lacking the warm handclasp and genial smile which usually accompanies it, is apt to give one a wrong impression as to their personalities.

Big businessmen, men of affairs, loyally devoted to the principles of Rotary, but surely not taking themselves as seriously as their photographs would lead one to believe. Hardly a smile in the lot, grim visaged, tight lipped, corners of the mouth turned down, and a general air of determination that probably belies their more human qualifications.

Such is my impression. Rotary is safe in their hands, but I would hardly dare crack a joke with a single one of them.

R. S. BAUM, *Rotarian*

Classification: Lemon Growing  
Claremont, California

. . . some useful hints, nor can converse on the most familiar topics with some casual information." He was also critical of certain others, writing, "There will always be a part of every community that have no care but for themselves. . . ." Rather the opposite of the service idea.

CHARLES WEISS, *Rotarian*  
Classification: Railroad Transportation  
Valparaiso, Indiana

### Franklin—"First Rotarian"

The publication of the article *Franklin Almost Invented Rotary*, by Carl Van Doren [August ROTARIAN], is an interesting coincidence. On January 26, 1939, the London *Observer* published a brief review of one of the recent biographies of Benjamin Franklin, which carried this heading, in large type, *The First Rotarian*. The reviewer explained that the author called Franklin *The First Rotarian* because "he was, in fact, the first . . . who carried messages of goodwill from one country to another." Franklin was suspected, as his biographer points out, "in England of being too much of an American, and in America of being too much of an Englishman." He might have added that he was also, at other times, accused of being too pro-Irish, too pro-Scot, and too pro-French. What he really was is evident from one of his many prayers: "God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his feet anywhere on its surface and say, 'This is my country.'"

When Franklin came to England to represent an American colony, he had seen little except the sparsely settled American countryside and a few straggling towns hopefully called cities. Being of a philosophical type of mind, he noticed everything in England, thought everything over, and often formulated interesting generalizations from his new experiences. For example, he was surprised to see each English house carefully cut off from its neighbor by a stout hedge, and he asked himself why this was done. Observation, which taught him almost everything he learned in life, soon marked the fact that even the most friendly English neighbors had hedges between them, and he methodically sought to discover why friends should thus protect themselves from friends. Clearly no two neighbors had the same habits, the same kind of children, the same respect for the garden and its beauties. Some prided themselves upon a perfect lawn and garden; others did not hesitate, even in their own gardens, to trample the newly planted lawn, or to allow the children to pluck up young plants or gather immature blossoms. Some loved convenient short cuts to town, and, where the hedge was thin, crossed it regardless of boundaries, or signs such as, "No thoroughfare: please don't"; regardless also of courtesy and rights. Samuel Johnson marked these same facts and cynically commented, "If a man hates at all, he will hate his next neighbor." After pondering all these things, Franklin wrote them all into a motto, meant for all time and all nations: "Love your neighbor; but don't pull down the hedges."

Today England and America are building a

### Oh, for a Duck's Life!

Using the beaver's skill as an expert engineer is one novel way sportsmen hope to save wild waterfowl from extinction. H. Dyson Carter tells, in the October ROTARIAN, how conservationists plan to fill the air again with millions of honking birds. It's an international problem—for what's a boundary to a duck!

### Of Books and Men

Walt Whitman was an old man, famous but neglected, when Hamlin Garland, a young man just starting his career, interviewed him. That meeting of two great figures in American literature is recalled by Mr. Garland in the October ROTARIAN. He also frankly appraises modern novels and finds much to praise, not a little to censure.

### Lodging for the Night

Some youth hostels are simple cabins; others are picturesque abandoned castles. But all have the purpose of providing shelter for hikers and of opening the way to wholesome outdoor adventure. In the October ROTARIAN you'll find many pictures showing how the idea has taken root in many countries.

### Frontiers Still Call

If anywhere opportunity is knocking today, that place is South America. Untouched resources, mineral, agricultural, and industrial, are waiting for someone to develop them. An economic picture of the amazing continent where Rotary convenes in 1940 is drawn by Edward Tomlinson—

### In Your October ROTARIAN

### Approves New-Style Selling

I have just concluded reading Bradford Elliston's article, *Salesmanship—New Style*, in the August issue.

We employ eight travelling salesmen, who I am satisfied will be greatly benefited by reading this article. Therefore, I shall be obliged if you will forward one copy to each of the gentlemen listed on the attached, and your bill against me will be promptly covered upon receipt.

MYRON LOBMAN, *Rotarian*  
Classification: Dry-Goods Wholesale  
Montgomery, Alabama

### Dr. Johnson's 'Rotary Club'

Any Rotarian who has read Carl Van Doren's admirable biography of Benjamin Franklin must have noted the similarity of the Junto to that organization formed about a century and a half later, which we affectionately know as Rotary. We may be grateful to Dr. Van Doren for having further developed that idea in the August number of THE ROTARIAN [*Franklin Almost Invented Rotary*].

It does not detract from Paul Harris's great achievement to learn that someone had a similar idea so long before. Precedent, we know, can be found in the past for any present-day institution. It is therefore no reflection on either Paul Harris or his illustrious predecessor to note further that someone else had the same thought in England in the 18th Century.

This was none other than Dr. Samuel Johnson, who founded the Essex Head Club on December 10, 1783. The club was similar to Rotary, fundamentally because its meetings were held where food was served. Another stronger resemblance is seen in its list of rules, especially Rule VIII, which described the importance of attendance.

Membership was restricted to 24 life members, but these were privileged to bring friends to meetings. Each member took turns in presiding and presenting the program. There was a "Master of the House" who kept attendance records and levied a fine or "forfeit" on absentees.

It is easy to understand why the old doctor favored such an organization. It was he who said: "He that amuses himself among well-chosen companions can scarcely fail to receive

hedge, which is defensive armament, in order to protect themselves from neighboring States, professedly friendly. This hedge also is meant only for protection. It menaces no neighbors; it is only put there to remind those with other ideals, other habits, that even friendly neighbors have rights which should be respected.

ROBERT McELROY, PH.D.

Harmsworth Professor of American History  
in Oxford University

The Queen's College  
Oxford, England

### Gold the Best Yardstick

In considering a subject like that introduced by Sir Henri Deterding, *What Yardstick for Money?* [July ROTARIAN], there should be general agreement on what money is. Money is anything which makes it a generally acceptable medium of exchange and measure of value. There isn't anything in that definition about gold, silver, paper, or any form of Government fiat.

However, there are qualities which make some things a more satisfactory form of money than others. For instance, the material should be, if it is to serve a country trading outside its own borders, desired and accepted wherever trading is to be done, or, in other words, in every part of the world. It should be nonperishable, indestructible, and easily divisible into small quantities. It should be uniform in quality, easily recognizable, and distinguishable from other materials in order to avoid the danger of fraud or counterfeiting. It should exist in sufficient quantities to supply the monetary needs of the world, but the known supply and cost of production should be such as to insure as nearly as possible only moderate fluctuations in the supply—preferably just enough annual increase to compensate for the growing world population and commerce. It should be so bulky as not to be easily lost, but not so bulky as to be difficult to handle and transport from place to place.

Now, no other material known to man has all these qualities to the same extent as gold.

Gold was not suddenly selected by the various nations as money. It has been by an evolutionary process—a sort of survival of the fittest process—that it has become the one material which is universally acceptable as a medium of exchange and measure of value. Gold is and will be the one world money, without regard to what laws have been or may be passed by any or all nations of the world. . . .

Governments certainly do not and cannot make gold, and if gold is money, they do not and cannot make money. The relationship of Governments to money is also a matter of evolution. It was found long ago to be desirable that some authority in which men had confidence should certify to the purity and weight of the various pieces of metal which were serving as money. That service was not always performed by Governments. It was performed

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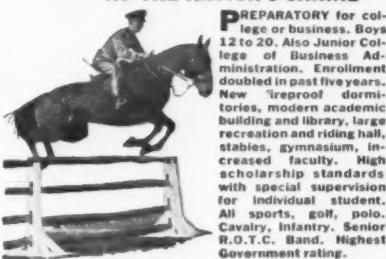
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### Sports for Peace

In Pesäpallo—Baseball's Young Son [June ROTARIAN] Robert Sellmer calls attention to the fact that baseball is 100 years old this year. Today it is a living, dynamic component of society. A nation pays homage to its inventor, Abner Doubleday, of Cooperstown, New York. Appropriately the "Hall of Fame" in the birthplace of baseball has been dedicated this year. It commemorates a century of pacific progress.

by individuals, bankers, and goldsmiths. It came finally to be done exclusively by Governments because men felt more secure in the Government guaranty as to the weight and purity of coin than with the guaranty of any individual.

A study of economics, which includes monetary policy, becomes extremely interesting after the first slight effort, and a knowledge of it is the most important thing in the lives of all of us—if we are to be prepared intelligently to perform our duties of citizenship.

J. H. FROST, *Rotarian*  
Classification: Banking

San Antonio, Texas

### He Prefers Alice

Laid aside *Alice in Wonderland* long enough to read *What Yardstick for Money?* in the July ROTARIAN.

Sir Henri Deterding said there should be "an international standard enabling every nation to measure the value of products of its labor," and that "such an international measure should not be made available at the enormous profit of over 125 percent to the producer of this metal [gold]." I am sorry he has gone. I would like to see that gold mine in these United States that makes 125 percent profit these days.

Just how an "international standard" to enable every nation, without exception, "to measure the products of its labor" is to be set up is left unexplained. These are pet phrases of every pseudo economist. Slight thought shows it impracticable.

Shall the Western United States reduce its miners' wages from \$5.50 (gold) a day to the 30 cents enjoyed by miners in The Philippines or the 25 cents in Korea? Or did Sir Henri vision the miners in Russia, China, or the Belgian Congo getting a raise?

Uncle Sam, ever the Santa Claus for other nations, buys foreign gold produced by practically slave labor at \$34.95 per fine ounce, the same price paid for domestic gold. Then the whole hoard is buried at Fort Knox, Kentucky. It may make sense, but a lifetime spent in the gold mines, together with a serious study of economics, fails to furnish the answer. The Treasury Department has awakened to the silver situation, buying foreign production at less than one-half the domestic price. Why not the same rule toward gold? Or if gold is just a commodity like wheat and potatoes and not in any respect a necessity as a monetary factor or as a standard of value, why not throw it open to a free market?

Maybe our economists are bringing Utopia in the form of the technocracy dollar or the commodity dollar and a bushel of potatoes or a bale of cotton will be the monetary standard, and thus we shall have the "international standard to measure the products of each nation's labor."

I'm going back to *Alice in Wonderland*.  
CHAS. L. GILMORE, *Rotarian*  
Classification: General Law Practice

Sacramento, California

From the Stone Age to the "Sport Age" men have sought a new form of warfare. It is obligatory that we supply what men demand. So in 1939 we are offering the organized sport of baseball to the world. In accepting our peacemaker, the world begins with a machine of precision—the perfected result of success.

Whether the world accepts or rejects this peace-by-sports program means its life or death, its wealth or poverty. No nation can physically or financially endure another World War. Men of the world will accept sports as their denominator as soon as we properly make the introduction, because men today are marking time awaiting an initiation into a new life.

Just as man prefers Spring to Fall because it signifies life as against death, so will he welcome sports as the preserver of life opposing the synonymous terms of war and death. Taxpayers of the world, accept this proffer! As good citizens, you deem it a privilege to support certain branches of your social life. Among others is education. When your tax dollar is actively at work building honor, intelligence, and harmony in youth, your investment is compensating you manifold.

Organized sports are the sole surviving vehicle capable of crossing the borders of any nation and being a welcome visitor on each occasion, as Kay Stammers pointed out in *Tennis—Ambassador of Sports* [May ROTARIAN]. For instance, sports have been admitted to nations under most adverse conditions. No other vehicle except sports under the name of Olympics could have crossed the boundaries of certain nations. Yet in the name of sports not only were the athletes honored, but also they were given governmental protection during their stay.

Why do organized sports possess this unique power for peace? Because every normal heart responds to unselfishness, because men are magnetically attracted to the characteristic of enthusiastic sincerity, and because there is something about the smile of youth that pierces the soul of man.

But, men ask, "Who is equipped to carry this peace-by-sports program to the world?" An organized body must be sought whose constitution bars neither creed, color, nor condition of men. It must be nonpolitical in all its aspects. Its members must obey but one urge—that of service to humanity. There is none more worthy than Rotary to sponsor such a program, for in its brief but active life it has inscribed on the pages of civilization an enviable record of love for and benevolence to mankind.

Let us as farseeing world citizens go on record for fostering, encouraging, and scheduling a new form of war among the several nations of the world. Let us transform today's soldiers into tomorrow's players.

RICHARD D. LEVINESS, *Rotarian*  
Classification: Hardware Retailing  
Salisbury, Maryland

### 'Pat on the Back'

Your July issue is a big-time job of covering the Cleveland Convention. To compile all those photographs so promptly and prepare the issue for press in just a few days is an achievement. To have the copy readable as well as accurate is giving the reader almost more than he has any right to expect from merely human beings. You deserve a pat on the back. I think, incidentally, you were wise to give the Convention as many pages as you did, but also to have the rest of the magazine a complete issue, with the usual departments and some excellent articles.

FRED BARTON, *Author*  
Fairlawn, Ohio

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NUMBER 3

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This month's cover—*One Up!*—is from the hand of Arthur Crouch, versatile New York artist.

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Photo: Deere &amp; Co.

## Plowman Today

By Hamlin Garland

**U**PON his tractor's steady seat  
He sits and drives his triple share,  
Hearing his steel-bright pistons beat  
Their rhythmic tattoo on the air.

Unwearied, careless of wind or snow  
Or burning sun—scorning the hailstone's sting  
The armored monster wallows to and fro  
Like some dread captive dinosaurian king!

# A Chilean View of Rotary

By Dr. A. Garretón Silva

*Rotary Club of Santiago, Chile*

**D**ECKED in the characteristic manner of each age, men, gathered in groups, have designed the physical contour of their time. Their aspect has been changing successively and their contour on the face of the globe has acquired new features. Nevertheless, their actions and the spiritual tone of those actions are still invariable: their loves, their anxieties, are identical, and in no less degree the tendency, the diversity, and intensity of their affections, likewise their passions and varied psychological actions.

Under different and movable cloaks the spiritual line of each age describes the same winding crossroads of the human soul. But over and above this level, beyond this contour, there exists, sublimated in sort, a trait which is marvellous and profoundly human: the superior currents of the spirit which in the manner of a gracious sky cover several generations and even diverse distant epochs.

Several beings endowed with a privileged intelligence and spaced throughout the march of time have contributed the inspiration which has been followed by humanity, attracted to it by a strange power of suggestion. The great currents of the spirit, a collective and far-reaching reaction, represent typical and characteristic moods of the soul, purged from its temporal and ephemeral aspects in order to reveal that which is lasting. The action and the splendor of those great currents of the spirit succeed each other at variable intervals. Thus we have the religious aspect of the national greatness, a dominant feature of ancient Egypt; the profoundly artistic sense—all beauty—of the Hellenic peoples, pride of human sensibility; the juridical concept in all its manifestations, which was characteristic of the powerful Roman people; the birth and diffusion of Christianity as a permanent light; the mysticism of the Middle Ages, crystallized in the Crusades; the formation, the development, and the pretended discredit of the modern State; likewise the present eagerness with which a form to represent a new idea of justice is sought.

Life today appears strangely transformed. Present-day technique, of a diabolical perfection, has been the lever which has effected the change, trying to create a new mode, internal and external, of our manner of living, by outlining a new seal of morality. Is there a predominant gesture in the life of today? Has our age the protection of a spiritual current characteristic of it? A new civic conscience is being sought, one enveloping the idea of a more ample justice; we aim to reach in all the manifestations of art a standard which spells progress; we pretend to give music an unusual melodic tone; architecture has sought a substitute for the beauty of the old form.

In a time of world restlessness the movement would unite those who lead progress and bind them with a tie of cordial friendship.

If a serene mind were to analyze the positive facts of so much change, he would discover that everything is still in the process of experimentation, that there is hesitation in everything, and it would surprise him to find that as regards the classic, the juridical, the moral, the esthetic, and the artistic sense, the eternal attributes are kept intact.

Ours is an era of transition, therefore, of experimentation, in which all sorts of phenomena, linked in the course of life, are made universal because of the rapidity and profusion of communications. Within this epoch the consequences of any movement affect humanity in its entirety. But this linking together has not succeeded in dominating jealousy or distrust in human relations. On the contrary, it has created a state of constant and intense restlessness. However, just as it has caused this sensation of eternal dread, could not our age also make possible the creation of a spiritual movement capable of resisting those demolishing elements?

**L**ET US remember that over and above the contour of the masses of men there has always been extended a spiritual cloak woven with the purposes in which the best and most characteristic of the corresponding age have been inspired. Ours neither should nor can be an exception. Our time abounds in noble attempts, in lofty and powerful endeavors, but they are all isolated, disconnected from the reality of our environment. All spiritual force, in order to germinate a new universal conscience, has to count on the support of a large number of individuals—that is, has to be collective—and should let itself be felt beneath all skies.

In the midst of the restlessness surrounding us a spark has already been fired, which in an outburst of enthusiasm has turned into a conflagration throughout the entire world—Rotary, which represents the union of those who work, of those who determine and lead progress, bound in a tie of cordial friendship, which signifies service. Rotary constitutes effort and constitutes work—that is, the present wisdom; and it is also peace, indulgence, tolerance, collaboration—that is, the authentic sense of friendship.

That is the way in which I see Rotary: as a powerful spiritual force capable of leading humanity—through such instruments as goodwill, mutual understanding, and friendship—toward service and toward the union of man to man, of activity to activity, of nation to nation, of continent to continent.

**W**HEN I was a little girl, I lived in a parsonage. We were poor—submarginal, I suppose one would say today, when life is reckoned in statistics and the standard of living is expressed in terms of cash income and vitamin consumption. My father never had an automobile or a radio, and not always a bathroom. An orange was a treat. I had two dresses, I remember, one for every day and one for Sundays, and mine were made over, at home, for my younger sister.

There was no money for amusements—and not, of course, as much “canned” amusement as now. Education was something you had to wangle for—in scholarships; work for—in more scholarships and in Summer vacations, waiting on table, or taking some very poorly paid office job. Yet my father, who came from the devastated areas of England, never got over the wonder of this new world, and he brought his children up to be grateful, first, to be alive, life itself being a great and wonderful gift, and, secondly, to be happy to have been born in the widest, freest, most hopeful country on earth, and to believe in that country and to believe in work.

It seemed to him a cause for gratitude that we had a roof over our heads, three meals a day and meat twice a week, sufficient clothes to be decent, and that none of us were born crippled or congenital idiots.

In good years and bad years, my father rigorously put aside 10 percent of his \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year income—a

# GOVERNMENT

BY DOROTHY

tithe—for charity. That \$100 or \$120 would have bought our household things which today are regarded as “necessities.” But for my father, charity was a necessity.

It was the constant expression of his gratitude for freedom, for work, for health, and the expression of his pity for the sick and the weak and the unlucky. As a child, I thought my father impractical and unsuccessful. I was still a young woman when he died, and it seemed to me remarkable that thousands came to his funeral—the funeral of a man who had always lived in small towns and preached, I suspect, rather dull sermons.

But when I was grown, I discovered that my father had given me and a great many other people something never figured by the Brookings Institution. He had made me actually glad to be alive, and conveyed to me the feeling, however illusory, that by and large the world was my friend. That was called the creation of confidence, and has, I have found, some ungraphable value.

I used the word “charity.” That is another word that has grown meaner as it has grown older, cheapened from its original sense into meaning too often something that the rich give to the poor perhaps out of bad conscience. Somehow, like democracy, it has come to be a weak word, perhaps it has been too often honored in the breach. But charity, *caritas*, means tenderheartedness, and is as truly translated by the word “love” as by any . . . nonpossessive, nonself-seeking love. I seem to remember that I was forced to learn in my childhood that though one speaks with the tongue of men and of angels, and has the gift of prophesy, and gives one’s body to be burned, and is able to move mountains, and has not charity, one is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

And perhaps the general brassiness and tinkling of this society in which we live is due to the fact that we have forgotten that the tallest buildings and the longest bridges and the most numerous motorcars and the most efficient Governments are not the essence of civilization, but that it is determined by the mental and spiritual qualities of the people who compose it.

Some realization of all this is back of the community-chest movement, now so widespread throughout North America. It is simply a device for bringing efficient methods into charity. In its campaigns—mobilizations for human needs, they are called, though I would call them mobilizations for human decency—citizens ask other citizens to pool their support for the voluntary efforts of the people themselves to meet social needs. The moneys collected are distributed to approved private agencies, on a predetermined scale, without regard to politics, race, religious or social creeds, wholly on the basis of recognized needs. These contributions go all the way from providing shoes and rubbers for school children whose parents are un-

Illustrations reproduced from a painting by Professor G. Von Sturm; courtesy Chicago Art Institute



# CAN'T DO IT ALL

## THOMPSON

able to keep them properly shod and their noses from dripping, to small and great things that are needed to keep a family together. Sometimes merely a suit of clothes for the head of the family is all the difference between his getting a job and failing to get it.

No system of social security yet devised by any State has ever been adequate to meet all such needs. Even in totalitarian States, where the security of the people is spread through a network of insurance, appeals for special assistance are made to individuals. There and elsewhere, many of the charges now taken over by the State were started by men of vision and warmth of heart, who saw a need and started to meet it without waiting for the cumbersome apparatus of the Government.

Earthquakes, fires, and floods have been repeaters in history, but it was private organization which first developed technique to deal with them and lower their terrors and losses. We should never have had any social insurance if the clergy and religious orders and social workers had not first started the investigation of social conditions, and devised organizations to ameliorate them. Government rarely undertakes anything in the social field which has not first been undertaken by individuals, and we owe to the pioneering efforts of private organizations the fact that our prisons are not dungeons, that a child is not treated as a criminal, and that an effort is being made to prevent disease, poverty, and crime instead of dealing with them when a burden.

In the end we all share in the reward. For a child whose parents cannot afford medical care or are too ignorant to recognize symptoms, except as they are aided and educated by social workers, can start an epidemic which may spread to your child and to mine. The boy left on the streets to learn the ways of life can cost us all an unwilling penny when he grows up into a criminal . . . and can even threaten our lives.

As Government becomes more and more centralized—as I believe it is bound to do, at least for a time—and more and more expert, the active participation of the citizen becomes less and less. He votes, but he does not govern himself in the sense that he used to do, in more simple and primitive times. It is, therefore, all the more necessary that he should be given the opportunity for active participation in the solution of social problems that remain outside of Government, in the fields where social experimentation continually goes on.

The total bill for the work of private social agencies in any community is not large compared to tax bills. If citizens do not pay it—voluntarily—it will eventually turn up in their taxes anyway, and in paying it they will not be doing something out of conviction. Furthermore, they will thereby lose the abiding pleasure of generosity, which is one of the creative expressions of the ego—the

ego that has so many destructive expressions as well.

All peoples have superstitions, and one of the oldest is the idea of the hostage to fortune, the idea of sacrifice in propitiation, of the gift out of thankfulness, the conception that unless gratitude is expressed, grace is withdrawn. To many people, gratitude seems to be an outworn conception, perhaps because we have placed so strong an emphasis upon rights and so weak an emphasis upon responsibilities.

But gratitude remains a necessary virtue. Upon it live the many spontaneous and voluntary social activities that give health to a nation or a community. People who are grateful and express their gratitude generously demonstrate their faith in the dream of Walt Whitman:

*I dreamed in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,  
I dreamed that was the new city of Friends,  
Nothing was greater than the quality of robust love,  
It leads the rest,  
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,  
And in all their looks and word.*

I happen to believe in the poets . . . to believe in them more than in all the economists, politicians, and planners of new social orders, for they, and they alone, express the vision of nations and of peoples.



# I Like Small-Town Audiences

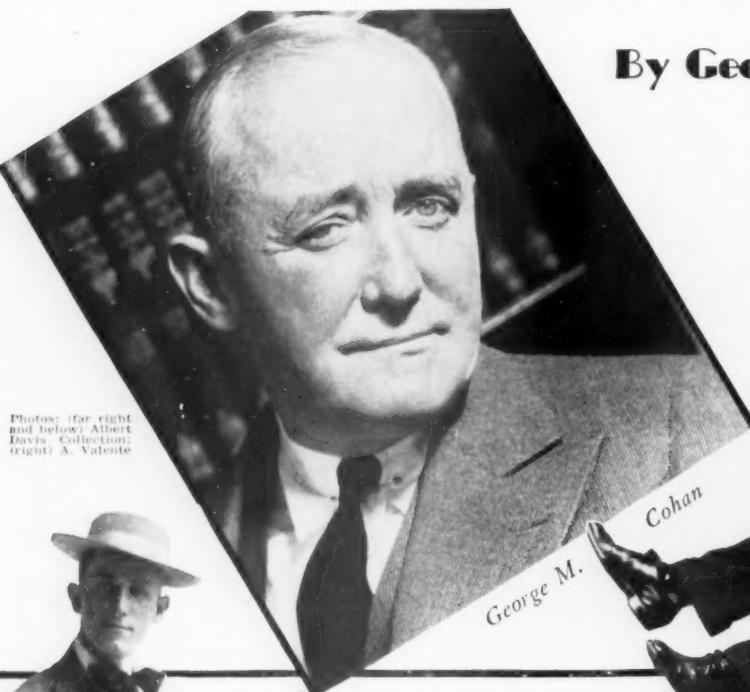
By George M. Cohan

*As Told to*

*Henry*

*Albert*

*Phillips*



Photos (far right and below) Albert Davis Collection; (right) A. Valente



For 56 years theater-goers across a continent have been returning George M. Cohan's affection. They loved him as *Little Johnny Jones* (above) in 1904 and as a young actor-playwright-tunesmith (left). They still pack his shows to the door.

**T**HE BOYS who write the blurbs about George M. Cohan for the newspapers have me all wrong. They have given the public the idea that I and all my family have always been "big towners," and that we had been born and bred and fed on Broadway. The most that Broadway can claim of one or of all the four Cohans are the feathers that "the road" stuck in our caps.

We were all four small-town folks, when you get right down to it. Boston was really a small town when it gave Jerry Cohan, my father, to the world. Providence, Rhode Island, was what the

profession affectionately called a "tank town" when Helen Cohan, nee Costigan, was born there. It wasn't much more than that one morning—now 61 years ago—when the whole town was shooting off fireworks, not to celebrate the blessed event of my birth, but because it was the Fourth of July. And it was in the Boston Museum—and not on Broadway—that many years later, as The Four Cohans, we launched into "big time."

Finally, it was neither the Big City nor the Windy City that first gave us the big hand and the inspiration that led up to it. It was the small towns of America, from New England to the Pacific Coast. We spent most of our early professional days solely in their company. On the "road." And by the "road" I mean the whole of a show-hungry America, outside of four or five big towns.

But the "road," our "road," is gone. For one reason because today it costs as much to move the scenery and the "props" of a show from stage to sidewalk as it once did to make the whole trip from New York to Chicago. There is no question of audiences. They are still there, as hungry as ever. Psychologically they had not changed a whit a couple of years ago when I did 25 weeks of one-night stands with *Ah, Wilderness!* that I'm still tingling over.

What I'm really trying to say is that the small-town audience has been an important factor in the education of the player and in the growth of the American theater. There was no time for the education of the children of actors' families, and no law to compel it, in those days. It was mainly a school of hard knocks and what you could learn from the study of other men—of audiences, in our case.

In the profession they called us "the travelling Cohans" because we spent nearly all our time on the road. After all these years I don't suppose there's a single American city—"small town" they could be rightly called on look-

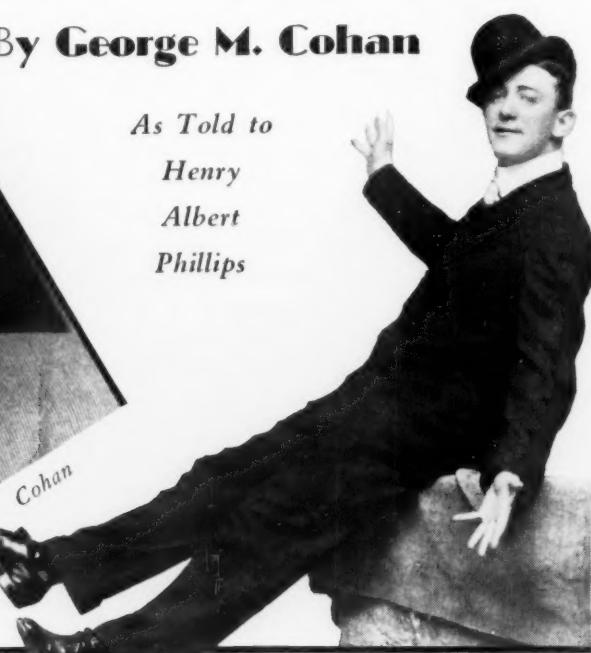


Photo: Albert Davis Collection



*He dates himself as a dramaphile of tender years who does not remember The Four Cohans—blarneying Father Jerry, Josephine, George, and Helen Costigan Cohan—shown here in this order in George's play Running for Office, circa 1904.*

ing back—that I haven't played at some time or other. I could draw you a diagram of Main Street and a working plan of the opera house in the majority of cases. I can do this so readily perhaps because the memories are so deep, and are of things and experiences that gave the build-up of my career as player and playwright. That's why I shall always love the very smell of the road. In many cases the smell came from those old narrow gauges, like the one that took us to Carbondale, Pennsylvania. I'll never forget that one because it carried us to our first "electrified" theater, over which we were greatly excited and not a little awed. That was back in 1890. Even in the days that followed, the Edison lights often used to go out in the middle of a show and we had to fall back on the old reliable gas or even coal-oil lighting. "The show must go on!" has been the battle cry of the theater, and we never failed our audience.

We were driven by another slogan, too: "The family must go on!" I think I must have crept out on the stage one night from my cradle in the wings and got a laugh and after that I was written in the show! It was something like that. Anyway, the small-town audiences, we

discovered, like the real thing, the human touch. Their response is immediate and straight from the individual heart. They don't wait till the dramatic critic in the morning paper tells them what they should think of the show, the way city audiences have got in the habit of doing. That is why I have always tried out gags and songs and plays on the people "in the country," because they represent the people of the country.

Here's an example of what I mean. One of the most popular of many hundred songs I wrote was *The Grand Old Flag*. When I composed it, however, I called it *The Grand Old Rag*. I'll tell you why. I went to a soldiers' home and talked with the veterans and they affectionately spoke of the flag as "the grand old rag" and in a way that brought tears to my eyes. But nobody but they could use the term without seeming disrespect for the national banner, as I learned by singing it to a couple of road audiences. They were right, and I changed the title.

Our road setup in those earliest days was both simple and homespun. But because we were all simple and homespun together, they enthusiastically accepted us. My father sold the tickets, and, if sales were slow, he would give a ballyhoo on the sidewalk that he had learned in minstrel- and medicine-show days. My mother collected the tickets at the door. Josephine, my sister, was the usherette. I was usually sent up to the corner of Main Street with handbills. Tickets sold at 25 and 50 cents for adults, 15 cents for children. Father blarneyed all the mothers by pinching the cheeks of their children and calling them all "the little darlin's!"—although

- From show-goers on the 'road,' says this many-year 'veteran of the boards,' you get a frankness, a sympathy unknown on Broadway.



Photos: (above and top inset) Bettmann Archive

he would have liked to charge them \$1 admission because they were always disturbing the show. We were ever looking for a "\$200 house." It would have taken all the worry out of the rest of a season. Sometimes we actually did find it by catching up with a county fair or a rural convention. Stack that up alongside my recent show, *I'd Rather Be Right*, where the boys in the "front office" began to grouse about poor business and talk of closing if we didn't gross \$28,000!

That's the difference. It's all a business proposition today. It has to be. That's taken the old-time fun out of it, when there was always something personal between us players and the small-town audiences, yet with a whole lot of respect for each other at that. I remember that my father had a way of winking over the footlights at the heads of families in the audience as though to say, "This is confidential now, arl that I'm sayin' to yez—between yoor family, God bless 'em!, and mine!" And it went over big in every place he did it.

The show itself was always of the same general character in those earliest days. Dancing, minstrelsy, and a sketch. That's when my sister first did her "Skirt Dance," which afterward became a famous headliner. This was followed by an ensemble minstrel number with songs, dances, and wisecracks. Then came the sketch. The last act consisted of individual dance "specials," the finale bringing out all four Cohans in a buck-and-wing "hoe-down" for the curtain. Then I jumped down in the crowd and sold our photographs at 10 cents each.

From the time I was 5 the family had me scraping tunes on an old fiddle we had picked up in a second-hand shop in Peoria, Illinois, billing me as "Tricks and Tunes, by Master Georgie, the Youngest Virtuoso." It brought out a knack laboring to be born in me, of picking tunes out of the air. They seemed to get the audience, making them either laugh or cry. And that's the essence of the whole show business: make 'em laugh or cry—no matter how! That was one of the most valuable lessons the road taught me, away back in my short-pants' day, and I've never ceased to be grateful for it. It was one of the most trying parts I ever played, however, due to the fact that the folks had dug up out of the "property" trunk a velveteen Little Lord Fauntleroy suit with a lace collar. After nearly every show I had to teach several small boys of the audience that I wasn't the kind of a sissie at whom they had been sticking out their tongues.

We prospered, and our company went out enlarged to six and became known as "The Cohan Mirthmakers." We put on our version of *The Exploits of Daniel Boone*, in addition to a variety bill. We took on a regular "advance man," who went ahead, hired a hall, an opera house, a tent, or whatever he could get. He billed the town and plastered it with "paper" enough to keep us out of any trouble that might arise. We carried another "extra," at \$6 a week and board, as "baggage smasher." He took care of the theatrical trunks in which we carried the whole show—costumes, scenery, and properties.

In those barnstorming days we had no scripts, not even cues. You had to be a "natural" to get across. My father would assemble the company for first rehearsal, step out before us, clear his throat, and become very Irish. "And what could you do for your country, sir?" he would ask one of the newcomers. "An Irish comedian? So you think that, do you? Now, here's the idea of the show, I'll have you know," he would continue. And it was just a free-for-all. Give and take. A battle of wits. The lines were changed frequently, retaining only those that got a laugh or brought tears to the eyes of the audience.

**B**UT the Cohans soon learned that they had lost contact with the audience that had given them their inspiration. We thought at first that the audiences were slipping. But it was really our "augmented company" not making good. In that way, and it never fails, the smallest town is the biggest critic. Its judgment is as true as blue. Producers generally have come to recognize this

fact and open productions somewhere "out of town." After 100 nights on Broadway I often wish I could take the show out on the road just to tone it up. You've simply got to be up on your toes during a one-night stand, for instance. Small-town audiences take a player for what he really is and what he is worth on that important occasion. Audiences may be more polite in the city, but they are not nearly so honest as their out-of-town cousin theater-goers.

**A**CASE in point was the group of small boys—especially the bad boys—who came to see our version of *Peck's Bad Boy*, all varnished up with vaudeville, with which vehicle we recaptured our intimate theater audiences again. Master Georgie, now at the advanced age of 13, stole the show with his impudent playing of the stellar rôle of the Bad Boy. Old folks roared, but small boys resented the portrayal, throwing things at me on the stage and wanting to fight me off stage. Our whole company got all steamed up when we played Madison, Wisconsin. For George W. Peck, Governor of the State and author of *Peck's Bad Boy*, was in the audience. We all expected to be decorated—or something. Instead the old boy went to sleep on us! He didn't even come backstage. It was the first and only time I can remember that all or any part of any audience did not give us a square deal. I got my revenge in truly Peck's Bad Boy style, when later that evening my father and I recognized Governor Peck at the bar. I got a large pickle from the free-lunch counter and slipped it down his expansive full-dress shirt front under his vest, and hurried out to the train.

The time came when I added song writing to my career. Those were great days in Tin Pan Alley. Nobody ever had to worry about \$1,000 royalty checks then. If you wrote a smash hit, the publisher would clap you on the back and maybe press a \$10 bill in your hand. This was just about 25 years before the day that a certain

Tin Pan Alley song publisher handed me a check—made out to the Doughboys' Welfare, I think it was, for they had been responsible for it—for \$25,000 for a song called *Over There!* I had jotted it down on the back of an envelope on hearing a bugle call and the sound of thousands of marching feet on their way "over there" on my way down to the theater one morning.

What I am leading up to is that all this song and music writing gave me an idea that changed our lives—mine at least. I would rewrite the Cohan shows with music in the up-to-date vaudeville style that I had picked up in Tin Pan Alley. Even though we were still small-timers, yet non-Broadway audiences were growing up rapidly with the rest of the country and we had to grow up with them. We went out on the bills as "The Four Cohans," and got our first break in big-time "variety" in 1897. That year we got all the way across the United States to California for the first time, although I made it at least ten times during the next dozen years. It was still a long, long way to Tony Pastor's Theater, and Broadway was the shining goal. I'm not trying to be condescending to the road when I say that we made the grade in time, largely due to [Continued on page 59]



Photos: Albert Davis Collection

The bumpy road to Broadway led the Cohans through almost every "opera house" in the U.S.A. before it set them down at Tony Pastor's Theater (above), then the street's shiniest facet. . . .

Typical of theaters of the '90s was the Bijou Palace, of Lawrence, Massachusetts (at left).



# Health Insurance?

• Who should pay the doctor—yes, and the hospital? Would insurance to cover costs of sickness be economically practical, equalize the burden among rich and poor, yet maintain high professional standards? . . . Some countries have made answer with compulsory sickness insurance. California will vote on such a program next year. North Dakota has recently given up its "socialized medicine" program. . . . Meanwhile, the discussion continues to rage everywhere, but especially in the United States. The following statements are offered in the interests of clarified public opinion on this far-reaching question.—*The Editors.*

## Voluntary Plans Point the Way

**Says C. Rufus Rorem**

*Director, Commission on Hospital Service,  
American Hospital Association*

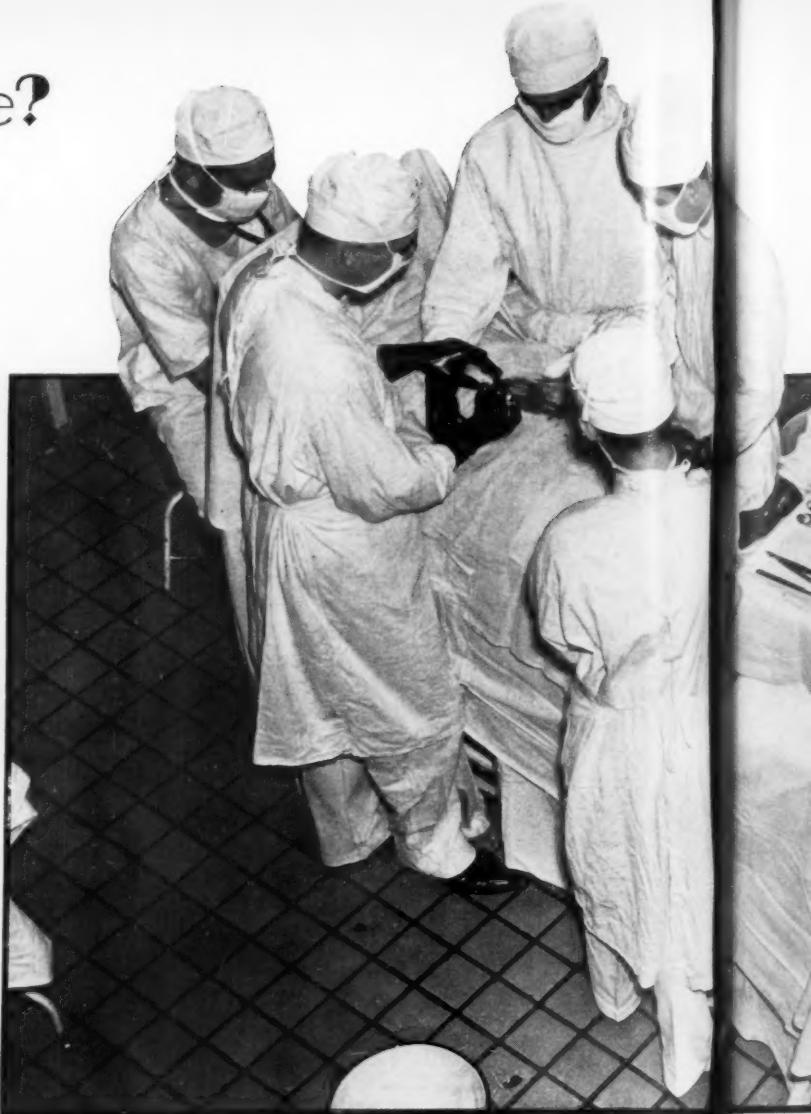
**N**O ONE can tell when he will be sick, or what his sickness will cost him. This simple fact underlies the constant agitation for socialized medicine and the recurring demand for some type of health insurance.

While, on the average, the citizen of the United States spends comparatively little for the prevention and cure of disease—about \$25 annually, less than he pays for tobacco, sweets, and cosmetics—still he complains about the costs of medical care. Why? Because those costs are *uncertain, unpredictable*, and almost always *untimely*.

Any family with a steady income can budget its expenditures for food, rent, clothes, even automobiles, radios, and cosmetics, but it cannot possibly foresee, and so cannot possibly budget, its necessary expenditures for medical care and hospitalization. Certainly it could earmark \$25 for such use, but it might have to spend much more, say, for an unexpected appendectomy—or might have to pay for a broken leg with the monthly savings that were to have gone for the next baby. Sickness, as the head of every household is fearfully aware, can deplete the savings of a lifetime or impoverish a family for years. It is a hazard he cannot reckon in advance.

But this very uncertainty can be and is being removed by group action in which many families each contribute to a common fund which pays the bills for their medical or hospital care. The uncertainty of a large expenditure is thus replaced by the certainty of a small one—which is merely the principle of all insurance. Those who need care are lucky to have their sickness bills paid. Those who are not sick are lucky to be well.

Health insurance is neither new nor uncommon in the United States. Probably 10 million persons have more or less complete protection under voluntary health



insurance procedures. Private insurance companies offer individual accident and health policies which reimburse the policyholder for his loss of time on the job and his expenses for medical care. Railroads, mines, and lumber camps for decades have administered plans for their own employees. Many industrial enterprises and educational institutions collect regular dues from employees or students to finance medical and hospital care. Hospital service plans, to be discussed later, are growing rapidly in all parts of the country. Private groups of doctors and co-operative groups of buyers have established voluntary health insurance plans in different parts of the United States. Many fraternal orders operate contributory health plans.

Some of the plans have been very good, some rather bad. Usually the quality of care is directly proportionate to the amounts paid for the services. Health insurance is not magic. It brings no rabbits out of the hat that were not first put there by the group. One of the greatest weaknesses in the administration of health insurance in America and Europe has been the desire to get something for nothing.

The only legally compulsory health insurance in the United States is that administered [Continued on page 56]

Photo: Ewing Galloway



## Maintain the Personal Doctor-Patient Relation

**UrgeS Morris Fishbein**

*Editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association and Hygeia*

**H**E WHO WOULD surrender liberty for security," said George Washington in one of his important writings, "is likely to lose both." That warning is just as sound today as it was at the time of the Revolution. Then security meant the right of the individual to be free from unlawful search and seizure in his own home. Now, as we hear it discussed on every hand, it seems to mean the guaranty of food, fuel, clothing, and shelter, and freedom from the hazards of old age, unemployment, and illness.

Already the citizens of the United States are insured under a compulsory system against the hazards of old age and unemployment. Some would now extend that system to protect them against the hazards of sickness.

Now the chief opposition to compulsory sickness insurance rests squarely on the ground that it is compulsory, and thus represents another insidious step toward the breakdown of democracy. Consider existing conditions. In the event that a citizen finds himself unable to procure the necessities of life because of old age or unemployment, the Government returns to him the cash he has paid so that he may purchase these necessities. Bear in mind that it is always his own cash that is returned to him; social security does not create wealth—it merely redistributes money that workers earn.

The majority of the expense in such a system is paid by low-income workers. It is from their wages that the first deduction is made. The money paid by the employer in the form of tax is added by him to the price of the goods which are, in the vast majority of instances, purchased by the workers. Finally, only the workers pay income tax. The deduction from wages, already too small, of these costs tends to inhibit the ability of the worker to supply himself with the necessities of life, and thus may create more sickness than medical care can prevent or cure.

The opposition to compulsory health insurance rests also on the fact that it is not health insurance, but sickness insurance. The tendency of such plans is to provide little or nothing for preventive medicine. They attempt only to take care of those already sick. Immunization against disease is not provided by sickness insurance in any country. In no country in the world is periodic physical examination included as a part of the compulsory insurance system. Obviously, in no country could a really complete periodic physical examination be included, because the costs would be far beyond the reach of any such system.

In this connection it is important to realize that the death rates for such diseases as tuberculosis and diphtheria have declined more rapidly in this country than in those with compulsory sickness insurance systems. It should be pointed out that in the United States during 1938 the sickness and death rates were as low as or lower than those of any other great country in the world.

American medicine opposes compulsory sickness insurance because it tends to break down that initiative and ambition which are the marks of a young country going ahead, and which disappear completely when civilization becomes too old and begins to decay. The young physician in the United States who has had a medical education involving four years of medical school and one or two years of internship, looks forward to beginning a career in which his progress will depend on his ability in taking care of the sick and the extent to which he is willing to give of his utmost for his patients. In contrast, the young physician in many another country steps into a salaried job or position at a fixed income, depending on the number of people assigned to him by the State, and then begins a mechanized routine type of service that is harmful not only to his patients, but also to his own character and advancement.

Compulsory sickness insurance [Continued on page 58]



*A typical threshing scene in Groton Township. Though they adjoin, the four associated townships exhibit high diversification in their major farm crops.*

*Photo: from C. S. Hunsinger*



*Four township councils, such as the one above, discuss and act on local problems. Linked with the Bellevue Boosters Club (left) they are organized to make one community of the town and country.*

*(Below) Bulletin boards announce events. (Right) Friendly paper-sack battle at a town and country picnic.*

*All photos (except those otherwise credited) by Harold E. Cooley*



*Photo: Fred Edwards*

## An Experiment in...

**I**UTWARDLY, Bellevue, Ohio, and its countryside are like hundreds of other communities. Not-so-old men remember well the days when life centered about the little red schoolhouse, the crossroads church and cemetery, the village store. But when the automobile came, the old pattern of social and economic organization no longer sufficed.

Bellevue and its countryside are unlike hundreds of other communities because they are today the test tube for an experiment in recrystallizing community life—an experiment which other towns should watch with interest and might study with profit. It takes cognizance of the advantages of the town, and seeks to spread them to the country dweller.

A rural resident, C. S. Hunsinger, started the idea six years ago when he organized a township council



# Community Making

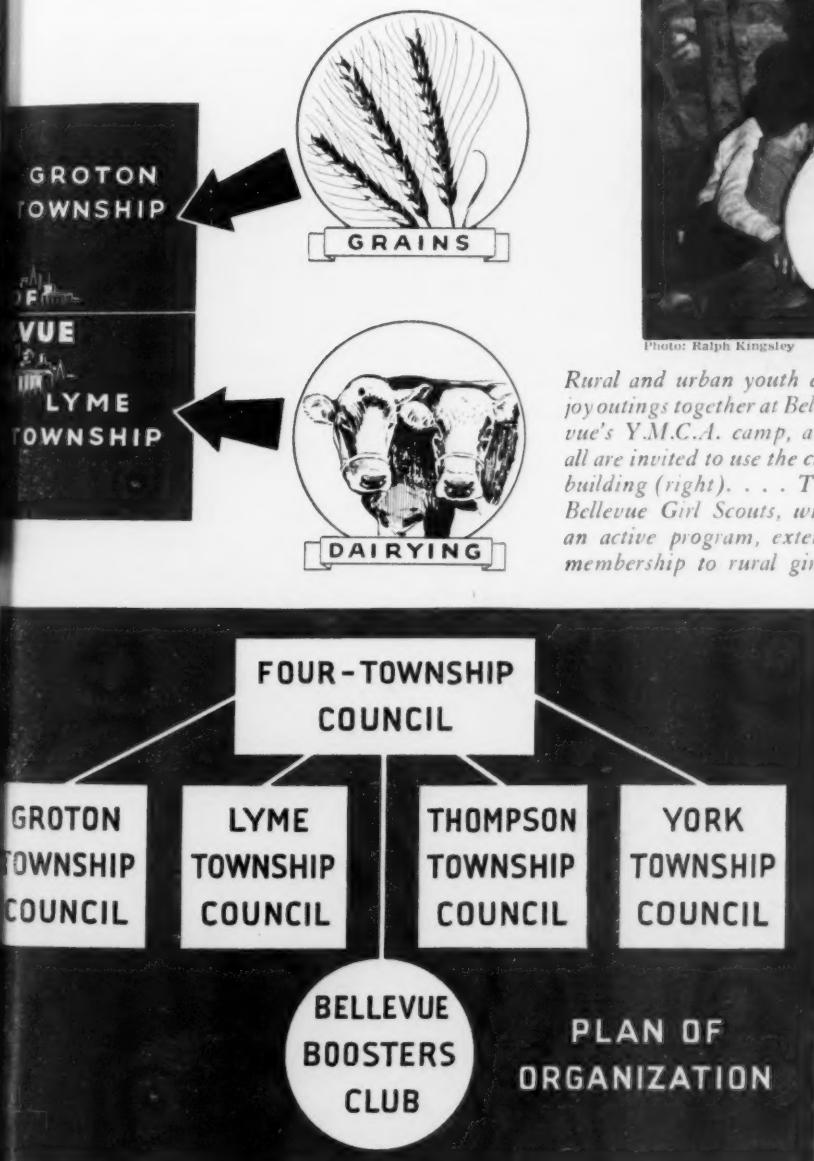
to discuss and act on local problems. Still basic to the plan is the township council, consisting of public-minded citizens and authorized by the people.

In the larger plan, four of these councils combine to form the Four-Township Council. Linked to the Bellevue Boosters Club, the local equivalent of a chamber of commerce, this Council is the force which welds the countryside and town into one community.

What services does the Council plan bring to the enlarged community?

First are protective services: (1) modern fire-fighting equipment, available to rural residents without delay; (2) policing, provided by co-operation with the State Patrol; (3) hospital service and a preventive health program; and (4) ambulance service.

Second, the Council does economic planning and



Main Street of Bellevue, Ohio, the town which extends its "service boundaries" into the country. A majority of Bellevue's 6,000 inhabitants are native born.

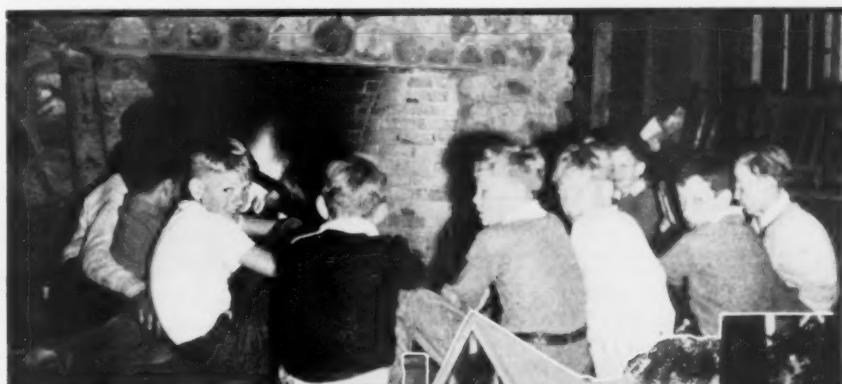
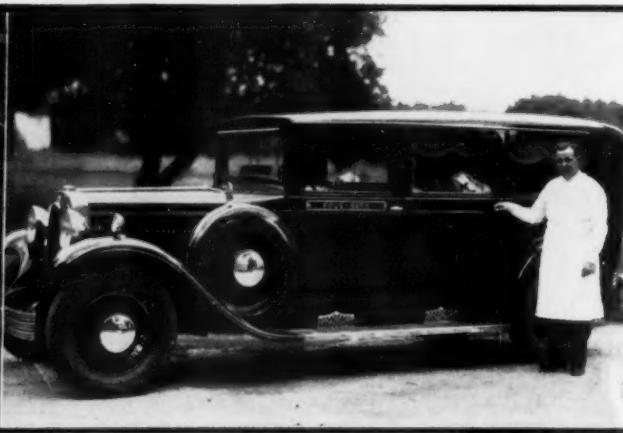


Photo: Ralph Kingsley

Rural and urban youth enjoy outings together at Bellevue's Y.M.C.A. camp, and all are invited to use the city building (right). . . . The Bellevue Girl Scouts, with an active program, extend membership to rural girls.





*Broken legs and sudden sickness lose some of their terrors with a hospital and ambulance service available at all hours.*



*City fire protection extends to farm homes. One-fifth of Bellevue's fire runs are now beyond the city limits.*



*Township councils have made Bellevue's library available to both city and country children (above). . . Eight sub-libraries, like this one (left), bring books to the rural communities.*

*Farmers also get modern police protection from the State Highway Patrol (right). Trespassers on rural property may be arrested.*

"thinking through" for the community. For example, it has (1) made market surveys, (2) studied the feasibility of new industries (as soybeans), (3) studied local taxation, and (4) evolved a ten-year plan which visions the community a decade hence.

Third, cultural services are provided, such as (1) library extension to the rural districts, (2) open forums for discussing local or national problems, (3) programs for adult education, (4) entertainment for rural children, and (5) joint meetings of rural and city people.

Fourth, there are social services, such as (1) extending membership in the city Y.M.C.A., the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and similar organizations to the rural youngsters; (2) providing playgrounds and swimming pools; and (3) holding celebrations for all community folk.

Fifth, the "face" of the community is improved by such projects as (1) erecting road signs, (2) studying highways and eliminating "danger spots," (3) providing favorable arrangements for street lighting and public-utility services, and (4) providing parking lots in the city especially for farmers.

There are, of course, government agencies to do most of these things, but routine too often overlooks the small, common needs which mean enriched living. That is why the Council, powered by personal enthusiasm, has a startling record for "getting things done."



# How to Keep Old Age from Being Crabbed

By Donald A. Laird

Director, The Ayer Foundation for Consumer Analysis

**I**T'S THE SAME the world over: Flaming youth gradually becomes sedate middle age. And sedate middle age often becomes crabbed old age—but scientific investigations now show that old age can be just as enjoyable and complacent as any time of life.

This should be glad tidings for just about everybody. Not only for the millions who are now more than 65 years old, but also for the many other millions who will reach that age with the swift passing of a score of years.

This problem of being old without being a crabbed, sour soul stares at everyone sooner or later. Each birth anniversary we become more acutely concerned with preparing for a pleasurable rather than a distraught old age, for medical science is enabling more of us to live into old age. This has naturally changed the composition of the world's population—and the changing still goes on—so that each year there are proportionately more and more old folks.

For example, Drs. Louis I. Dublin and Alfred J. Lotka, experts in population changes, recently told the Conference on Population and Social Planning that in another half century there will likely be four times as many people 65 and over as today, although the total number of people then will not be much different from the present census. Longer life gives the world an older population—which raises many problems for individuals, businesses, and nations.

For instance, people will buy different things and will have to be sold these different things in different ways. Governments will have an increasing problem of taking care of the aged. But the problems of most interest are those which concern each of us individually—the puzzling questions of "What will I be like in my old age? Will I be happy? Crabbed? What? What can I do for my own old age?" Just when does old age sneak up and seize us in its knotty fingers?

Sixty-five years mark the advent of old age, say statisticians. But often old age sets in before 65. Professor L. W. Jones, British scientist, studied a large number of people of all ages and found some of them definitely had the feelings of old age when they were really only 18, while some hardy perennials were still young although they had celebrated their 80th birthday.

The average person, the Jones' investigation disclosed, has definite feelings of becoming old at 49 years of age. For instance, when George Washington was 56, he seri-

Illustrations by  
Stuart Hay



*Old age, insists the author, is not a matter for calendars to decide. It's up to the oldsters themselves.*

ously referred to himself as being an old man, who wanted to spend his "declining years" in rural peace and quiet at Mount Vernon. And as Abraham Lincoln bade good-bye to his fellow citizens of Springfield, Illinois, when he was leaving to be inaugurated as President, he told them how he had lived among them while he "passed from a young man to an old man." Lincoln was but 52 when he thus seriously looked upon himself as being old.

Years rest lightly on many people, however, and from these hardy souls scientists are discovering the secrets of how to live a full life span without becoming crabbed, fault finding, or bothersome to others. Cécile Sorel, France's *grande coquette*, was born in 1875, and when past the half-century mark made a professional tour of the United States—and for good measure got herself married to a young count. At 60 she was still an ageless idol of the stage.

Another idol who has not let old age wreak havoc with her is Mistinguett, charming French danseuse, born the same year as Mlle. Sorel, and, at the latest reports, still captivating audiences nightly at the famed Folies-Bergère in Paris.

That it is possible, in fact, to be young in both mind



*A hardy perennial may have  
celebrated his 80th birthday,  
but he still can be young.*

and body when more than even 90 years old is shown by the lively aged man Dr. Francis G. Benedict experimented with and told about to the National Academy of Science, in Washington, D. C. Dr. Benedict attributed this man's ideal mental and physical condition, in spite of his extremely advanced age, to "exemplary habits of life with regard to food, drink, and matters of hygiene and, above all, with a philosophy doing away with worrying." No crabbed old age in this frisky, cheerful fellow!

Our most recent and most complete knowledge about what makes some old people happy and easy to get along with comes not from actresses, but from a scientific study of average old folks, right in their own homes. Sponsored by Vassar College, Dr. Christine Margaret Morgan studied nearly 400 old persons, in cities and on farms, all over New York State.

One of the first things she discovered was that keeping in good health helped make old age happy and less crabbed. She also found that an education helped make old age happier, perhaps because additional schooling gave old people more things to think about and made it easier for them to read interesting things as they sat in their rocking chair beside the fire, or in the cozy bay window.

Do children make old age less crabbed?

"Would you like to see your children more often?" was one of the questions Dr. Morgan asked every one of these 400 old folks. One white-haired old lady looked up at the investigator in amazement and answered:

"Are you a mother? You think of them more than anything else!"

But among the entire 400, it was discovered that "old people are not so absorbed in memories of their children's early lives as fiction writers would have us believe." Children and grandchildren, in truth, were found to make old age neither happier nor sourer, by and large.

But two-thirds of these level-headed old folks were strongly and firmly in favor of living alone, by themselves, not under the same roof with children and other relatives. This unexpected finding prompts Dr. Morgan to say:

"Old people do not seem to live again in the lives of their children. In the homes of their children they feel unwanted, neglected, and in the way. They resent the direction and 'bossing' of their children and even more so that of the 'in-laws.' In their own homes they are independent, free to run their households in their own fashion. The old people cling to their old ways, while to the young people these methods seem old-fashioned, foolish, and irritating."

Younger people, however, do definitely make old age happier—so long as it is not necessary to live under the same roof with them. Having some acquaintances, a few friends, among younger persons was shown to be favorable for making old age buoyant. Yet almost three-fourths of these old people were not making contacts with younger folks.

How different from the man who welcomes the chance to mingle with younger persons at his weekly service club!

Having belonged to a lodge, a trade union, or a similar organization was also something which it was found made for a happier old age. Those who had kept their membership active in these groups, and who occasionally attended the meetings, were getting much added happiness from them. Going to church can be a big help in quite the same way.

**T**HE idea of special clubs for old folks exclusively has much in its favor, but association from time to time with younger persons is possibly more important. Special "Oldster Clubs" have been organized, first in Miami, Florida, in 1929, and now spread to a dozen or more localities. These clubs, which require an age of 60 as a *sine qua non* for membership, should do much to keep the oldsters socially interested, to keep old age a time of pleasant associations and smiles. Not to mention, modestly, the occasional elderly romance!

One of the surest ways discovered to make old folks unhappy, crabbed, disillusioned, was for them to retire—the horrible void of being old . . . and having nothing to do! Life all empty hours.

Those oldsters who kept occupied at some regular tasks were the happiest of the lot in their declining years.

### How You Will Change As You Become Older

You will *lose* interest in these—most loss in those toward the top of the list (reading from left down):

Bridge games	Golf
Sporting pages of the newspaper	Playing a musical instrument
Tennis	Smokers
Musical comedies	Picnics
Hunting	Poetry
Poker games	Solitaire
Auto driving	Collecting stamps
Full-dress affairs	

You will *gain* interest in these:

Educational movies	Raising flowers and vegetables
Nature study	Being left to yourself
Art galleries	Methodical people
Museums	Teetotalers
Zoos	Religious people
Chopping wood	Cripples
Detective stories	Conservative people
Contributing to charities	Cautious people

Declining, perhaps, but still occupied, withal yet productive. Others had during middle life deliberately chosen hobbies and recreations which would keep hands busy, minds occupied.

Remain on those Rotary Committees! Or get on some you can carry through into the years to come.

Take a tip from the ladies. Dr. Morgan found that women were able to keep themselves occupied better than men—which may explain why Grandmother is less likely to be crabby than Grandpop. And it might be a good thing if he, too, would keep gnarled fingers busy with clacking knitting needles.

Those old folks who believe in euthanasia—the painless, legalized murder of people no longer useful—and who may openly long for their own death are probably the ones who have not found something to keep them busy, who belong to no church, or lodge, or club, or civic organization; who keep away from younger people and their activities; who live with their children.

But few of the old persons surveyed had made any efforts to prepare themselves for the inevitable changes of age as they passed the zenith of middle life—indeed a discouraging fact. They apparently had failed to realize that old age requires preparation if it is to be met with a cheery countenance and a light smile. A few of them, it is true, had tried to make some financial preparation for their declining years, but scarcely a one but who had let the last years of life remain otherwise a gamble, in the laps of the gods.

"The very occurrence of senile changes with their accompanying feelings of inadequacy are among the most tragic situations one sees," says Dr. Camilla M. Anderson, understanding Pittsburgh psychiatrist. "The inability to move out of the rapidly moving procession is so common. The feeling of being left out—of having no

real participation—is a cruel blow and may quite possibly contribute to the deaths which follow so frequently close upon retirement. . . . Perhaps it would be helpful if the whole psychology of our people underwent a change. The older people need a feeling of valuation—of having something really important to contribute—just as we do who are younger."

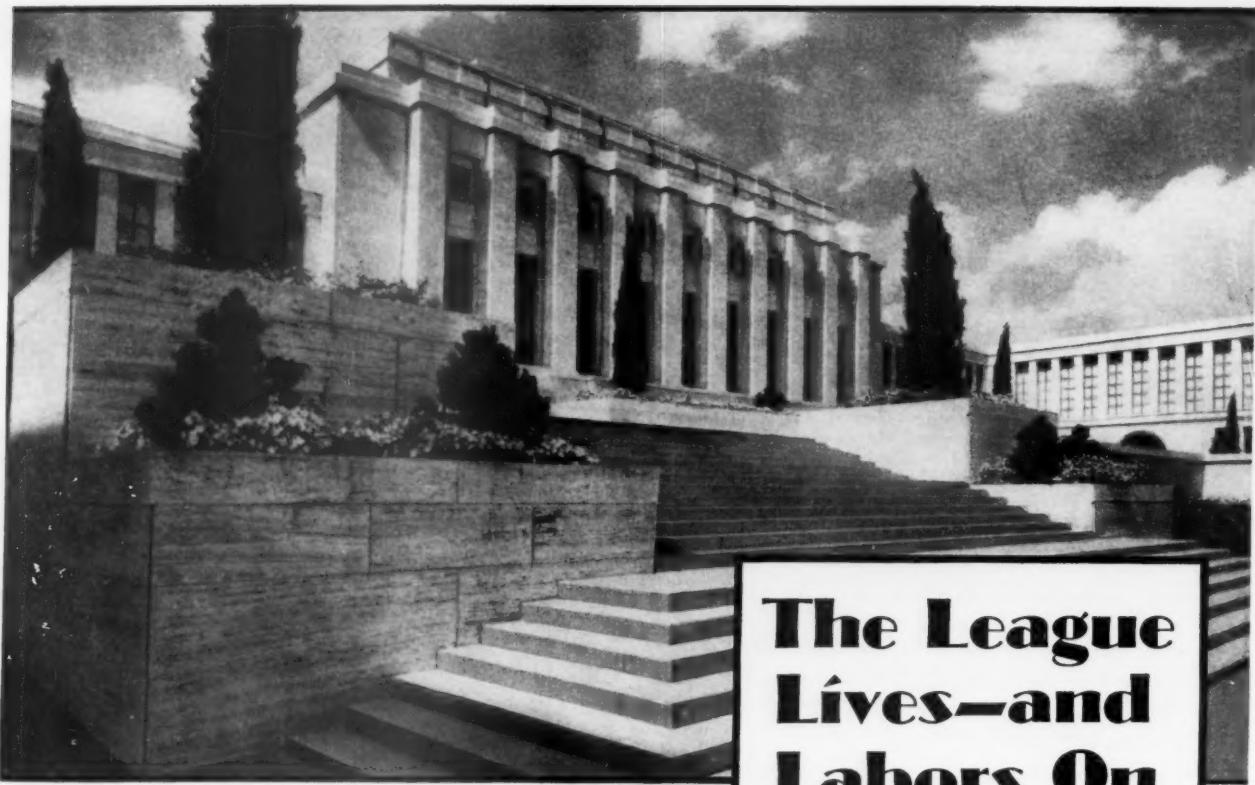
That so few people pause to organize their thoughts, their life philosophy, and their activities in middle life to give this preparatory valuation for going with robust enthusiasm through old age is what Dr. Francis M. Pottenger had in mind when he said that long life, one of medicine's gifts to the present age, was becoming a curse to many.

Yet this reorganization is essential, for not only does the pupil of the eye narrow, the frame become stooped, the skin wrinkled with advancing years, but also our mental interests change, as shown by the accompanying table based on the work of Professor Edward K. Strong, Jr., of Stanford University. In preparing for a happy old age we must anticipate that when that time is really reached, we will be more like this list, whatever our interests of sedate middle life or of flaming youth. Here is a composite picture of our older years, a road map to be used in preparing for a journey into a new land.

When old age is entered unprepared for, it is the most unhappy time of life. Young adulthood—from 25 to 45 years—is for most persons the happiest time of life. Next in happiness, though separated from the happiest period by a wide gap, is youth—from 15 to 25 years. Closely pressing on the heels of youth, but still less happy, is childhood up to 15 years; and next comes middle age—45 to 60 years. Trailing far behind in happiness is old age, usually unprepared for the time of life which—by all odds—needs most preparation!

*No time for crabiness when hour-filling tasks add zest to living.*





## The League Lives—and Labors On

By Arthur Sweetser

*A League of Nations Director*

**P**ROBABLY the most difficult problem before the world today is to separate out of all the welter of news, events, and sensations which flood in on us at every hour that which is really significant and fundamental. What does it all mean? Where is it leading us?

The world is bewildered, and rightly so. History, always notoriously capricious and deceiving, is infinitely more so today. It has ever taken a wayward delight in disguising itself, particularly from its contemporaries, but today its triphammer succession of crises is calculated to bewilder even the most trained observer.

This article is an effort, I hope not overbold, by one engaged in international work for a quarter of a century, to lengthen out the telescope and gain a perspective on the deeper currents now so rapidly sweeping the world along. It will depart considerably from current thinking and will even cut into certain prejudices and preconceptions.

First and foremost, the author profoundly believes that the world is at the beginning of a new and a different era in its life. That does not mean a better era or a more moral era, but simply a different and an infinitely more complex one.

One of the most fundamental and least appreciated facts of present-day life is that the open frontier has ceased to exist for the world as it has for the United

States. The days of the great discoveries and migrations are over. The world has filled up, 2,125,000,000 human beings at the latest figures, with increasing fertility in some countries and unprecedented prolongation and preservation of life in nearly all. Certain countries are bursting with overpopulation; land is sought in vain for a few hundred thousand refugees from Germany.

The nations are now living practically on each other's doorsteps. Train, steamer, automobile, airplane, telegraph, telephone, and radio have almost annihilated distance; they have made the news and the events, the politics and the disasters of the furthest corners of the earth not only of dinner-table interest, but also of direct personal concern to us all. Try as the isolationists do, they cannot insulate any of us from the results of an assassination in the Balkans, a railroad derailment in Manchuria, or a bank crisis in Vienna.

This has revolutionized international life. It has led to a vast amount of common business between nations. There is urgent need of a common agency for conference, consultation, and coöperation, a mutual clearing-house, or, if you will, a rudimentary traffic system. No longer can the nations afford to blunder about, none knowing what the others are doing. The period of a completely unorganized world is gone forever; even complete isolationists will admit the necessity of an international service for posts, telegraph, telephone, health.

The outstanding lesson of post-War history, it would seem to the author, is that there is no simple, single, easy road to peace and good relations between nations. We have tried all sorts of panaceas—the Washington

•Though curtailed, it remains the chief instrument devised by man for coöperation among nations, holds this official.

Conference far back in 1921, which was going to cure all ills; the outlawry of war, which was going to provide an unshakeable foundation for world life; the reparation solution, which was going to remove the world's economic ills; gun-for-gun disarmament, which would remove its political ills; the Kellogg Pact, Pan-Americanism, neutrality—all good in themselves, but no one of them complete or final.

Peace is not to be had so simply. It can be secured only by a constant, continuous, permanent, never-relaxing effort in each and every field of human interest. It is an organic matter, made up of a thousand little life streams all feeding into a common living agency; it is not a static matter which can be set up once and for all and left to itself.

One such agency the world has today. It secured it as the result of four and a half years of slaughter, with 8,528,000 dead, 21,219,000 wounded, and 208 billion dollars' destruction. For 20 years that agency has fought its way along, unsupported in some quarters where it deserved support, bitterly fought in other quarters of a diametrically opposed philosophy, defeated in certain great questions, yet stubbornly keeping on to make its contribution to mankind.

The League of Nations is admittedly not functioning as fully today as hoped. Its strength has been sapped, temporarily I believe, by a combination of open enemies, who have decreed a war to the death; cynical onlookers, who hope little of humanity in any event; and weak-kneed friends who gave up at the first discouragement. It is distinctly not "in style" at the moment. Its difficulties have been shouted from the housetops, particularly by certain loud-spoken opponents; its successes are strangely little known. Its work is not considered dramatic, much of it is secondary, and least of all does it make any pretense of solving all the world's ills at once.

Yet in many ways the League is the most dramatic venture of our day. Here, for the first time, the great bulk of the world's nations are united in a simple form of federation, around a simple but precise Covenant, with an annual Assembly, a quarterly Council, a universal Court and Labor Office, a permanent civil service, a maze of committees covering most phases of international life, and the first common home of the nations.

Strange it seems that the world does not see the romance of this movement and does not appreciate the fascinating struggle that is going on to move the nations up to a wholly new level from the exclusively

national to the broadly international era in their development. Sometimes, when sensation after sensation is breaking in upon us with almost shattering frequency, it is well to ask what the future historian may say of this first venture of the nations on a world scale. Will he not be analyzing its strengths and its weaknesses, its hopes and its illusions, long after many of the so-called great events of today are buried and forgotten?

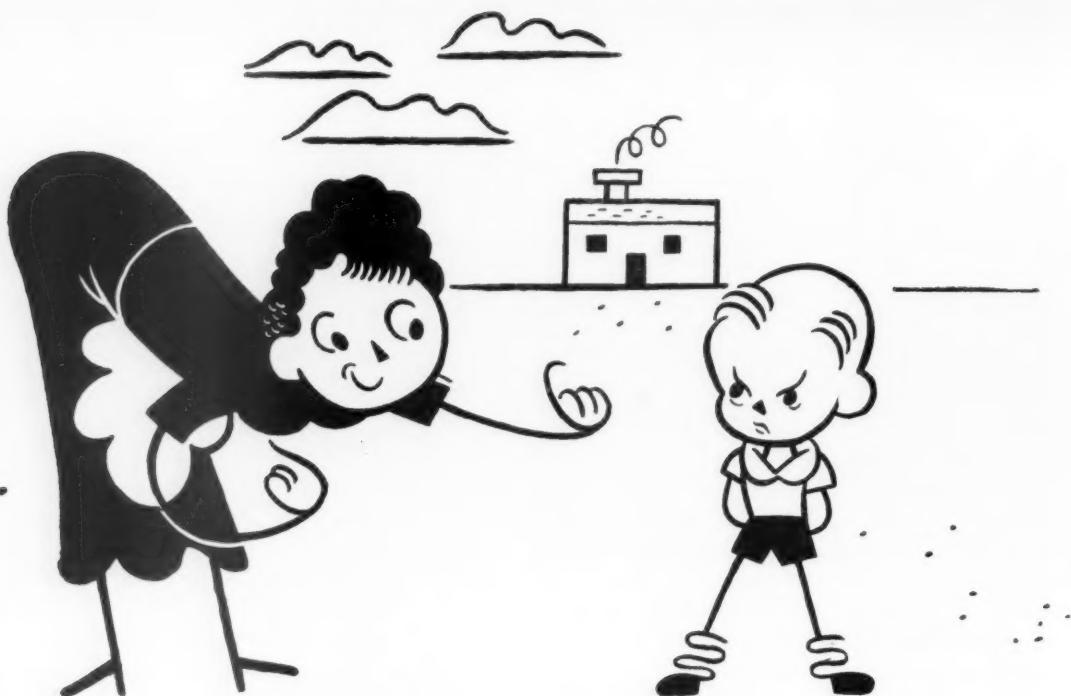
What we see, if we look beyond the immediate headlines, is the embryo of a world organization, the first groping toward a universal, federalist agency complete in all its parts. During the past 20 years, despite all setbacks, a system of organized international coöperation has come into being, not because of political theorizing or idealistic desire, but, rather, of sheer necessity. The world has reached this stage; whatever the temporary difficulties, it cannot turn back.

The foundation of this system is the Covenant. My own deep conviction is that this document, drafted though it was in the aftermath of war, will be classed by history as one of the great papers of all time. Violated, like all great documents, as it has been, it still remains the first attempt at a world constitution. It holds within it certain perennial truths which form the essence of human experience, embraces principles of law and order which will ever be the groundwork of international morality, and outlines various functions and organs which correspond to the best of human experience. Whatever the future may hold, [Continued on page 61]

Photo: Underwood & Underwood



Mural-flanked stands this symbol of the League in its New York World's Fair building....The main facade of the Geneva Assembly Building is shown on page 22.



*"Does Mamma's little man want to be a horsey and gallopy-gallop home to his lunch?"*

## Every Parent a Diplomat

By George Kent

**A** NEW YORK nursery-school teacher, reputed one of the best in the United States, had an attack of laryngitis and could not use her voice for a day. It wasn't serious enough to keep her at home, so she carried on with her group of 5-year-olds as usual. She did not utter a word, but that day, she confessed a bit sheepishly, was one of the best she had ever known.

When Michael squatted at the top of the slide and would not let anyone pass him, she started the others excitedly building a large boat out of blocks, isolating him on his perch. Before long he gave it up and joined his classmates. When the two hoydens of the group found a tube of toothpaste and raced around smearing walls, she put a record on the phonograph. Then all the children started dancing and the two scamps were swept back into the group rhythm. And so all through a day she achieved harmony *without words*.

In the case of children under 6, the point needs to be strongly emphasized. You cannot lecture a child into good behavior. At this period of their lives, speech is a relatively unfamiliar tool. Words to children are unreal and remote, far less important than, say, lollipops or any other thing that can be touched or swallowed. They learn and develop by using their bodies. They are *muscle* people. What matters to them is action—muscle talk.

My grandmother knew this. When one of us kids

'You can do it' is encouraging to a child, but 'Is it hard for you?' irks. It is truly a fine art—talking to your children.

became obstreperous, she sat him in a high chair, covered his hands with molasses, and gave him a feather to play with. Between trying to get rid of the feather and licking the blackstrap, the boy was kept busy most of any afternoon.

Words won't make Johnny come home in time for lunch, but an alarm clock on the handlebars of his tricycle which rings at 12 o'clock will. A tirade will not cure Junior of his passion for candy. But give him a large box and let him stuff himself, and his interest will become normal. Such stratagems work because they are *action*—the language children speak and understand.

Give the child work to do, a place for himself in which to do it—and talk becomes unnecessary. A busy child is a happy child and, chances are, he is developing along the right lines.

A day of laryngitis and compulsory silence might be a helpful visitation in any family with young children. You can't shout when your vocal cords are inflamed. Neither can you successfully nag, scold, threaten, bore, wheedle, or say any of the words which create insecurity or antagonisms. Parents, rather than their offspring, should be seen and not heard.

*Talk* has its place, but even talk must be tied up with

Illustrations by  
John Norment



action. The art of talking to children calls for language that is simple, positive, and impersonal—muscular English; and now and then for a certain adroit and diplomatic manipulation of words and sentences.

Children respond best to what may be described as reverse English. You don't take the child to the doctor to "see if he is well"; you take him there to "*see how fine he is.*" A child is not drinking his milk. The mother says, "Bobbie, no dessert until you finish your milk." The child retorts, "I will too have my dessert!" Whereupon the uninstructed parent snaps back, "Oh no you won't, not unless you drink every drop!" If the boy has any spirit at all, he will insist, and the war is on.

To avoid conflict, the mother can say, "*Certainly you'll get your dessert. But first empty the glass.*" There you have the child's ego satisfied and a mother who has stuck by her guns without anger or unpleasantness.

Kids get tired and out of sorts. One of them throws

his hat on the floor and announces in reply to a suggestion, "I won't pick it up." Anyone can see that the child is braced for battle. The mother may swear softly to herself, but if she is wise, she says, "*I'll pick it up for you—you must be tired.*" Not later than the next day she makes sure he gets a chance to pick things up.

If you say to a child, "*Please be quiet,*" he will obey you more readily than if you groan, "Oh, I don't like that noise," or, "You're driving me crazy with that racket." Also ineffectual is the sarcastic, "*I hope you're having a good time.*" The positive command gets results where the indirect or personal appeal fails.

For the same reason, questions are less valuable. Ask a child, "*Do you want to wash your hands?*" and he'll go right on doing what he's doing. But say as if you expect to be obeyed, "*Wash your hands before you sit down to dinner,*" and though he hesitates and dawdles, he will do it and within reasonable time.

Whimpering also fails. "*Please do*" is effective; "*I don't know what I'll do about a boy who always refuses,*" a waste of breath.

The children are making animals out of clay. You come along and see gobs of clay on the floor. You wail, "*Try not to get it all over everything.*" Another parent says, "*Keep the clay on the table.*" Which gets the better result? The latter, of course, because muscle people are direct and simple, unimpressed by sarcasm, questions, your annoyance, or the state of your household.

Cuteness also cuts no ice. The mother says to the little boy, "Does Mamma's little man want to be a horsey and gallopy-gallop home to his lunch?" Nothing doing. He has work to do. The namby-pamby baby-talk school of parents never has much effect on their immovable objects. "*Lunch time, home we go,*" cheerfully uttered, does the trick, and really helps the child grow up into a decisive individual.

In a child's life there are certain chores to do, certain adaptations to make, and no good comes of evading them or wrapping them in the tissue of whimsy. One writer describes them as the "of courses" of life. *Of course* you scrub your teeth. *Of course* you eat spinach. *Of course*

"Then all the children started dancing . . ."





*"Whimpering also fails. 'Please do' is effective."*

you put your toys away. The sooner these jobs are finished, the sooner come the "times to." *Time to go swimming. Time to sail the boat.* A sort of stop-and-go system under which the child learns painlessly what is expected of him in an adult world. It sets the principle of action. Tell a child, "You can do it," and he will try harder and longer than if you pallidly inquire, "Is it hard for you?" By actual test it has been shown that a child does better work if you pass over his failures without comment and hail his triumphs. And brief, convincing approbation works better than gushing.

We hector children far too much for their slowness. They travel at their own tempo and you might as well accept it in cheerful silence, giving them a hand and a help, and only an occasional hurry-up.

In nursery schools they accept this child pace and get things done by a system of warnings. "In five minutes it will be putting-away time," the teacher sings out at least 15 minutes before. Later, "Time is up—everything away." In most cases the children coöperate, not like little soldiers, but like human boys and girls under 6. If a youngster is especially intent, he gets this from the teacher: "That's a wonderful house—you have time for maybe five or six more blocks. Better hurry."

Like puppies, children learn and are guided almost as much by tone of voice as by the content of speech. For tone as well as language reflects our attitude, and it is our attitude that determines a child's reaction.

Two fathers were walking with their sons along a pebbly beach. One boy said, "The stones hurt my feet."

His father replied, "Nonsense, they don't hurt!" The second boy also complained. His father said, "Yes, they do hurt, don't they?"

The first boy complained for the rest of the walk, the second didn't complain again. Father number one had adopted a false and stupid he-man air about the stones. Father number two faced the facts and they by being casual suggested an attitude. Both parents wanted in their sons a stoical attitude toward minor hurts, but only the second succeeded.

My little girl hurts her finger with a hammer and runs howling to her mother. "Ah, and your best finger, too," she says in commiseration. Then after a while, "Well, all carpenters do that once in a while." The worst possible mistake a parent can make is to laugh or be offhand at a child's pain or sorrow.

On the living-room carpet the youngster erects a monument out of soap, milk bottles, and a funnel. You are late to your appointment, you stumble over it. You say to the child, "Why must you leave your junk right in the middle of everything?" Junk to you perhaps, to him it is a strange, wonderful tower. And you trampled it without so much as an excuse-me. If, later, the boy cuts one of the flowers out of a new chintz curtain, you weep and call him "a little vandal." Not at all. Chintz curtain to you, *junk* to him.

You set him the example, by a word, a gesture. Only by example can you teach children a sense of respect for property of others as well as their own.

One mother kept a record for a week of the topics of conversation between herself and her three young children and found to her dismay that 80 percent of their talk was about food and excretion. How could they help being bored? If we made an effort to talk to children as we do to other human beings, we might become better companions. And we would enjoy them more. They are creative, active, curious, imaginative.



*"The art of talking to children calls for language that is simple . . . and impersonal."*

In the use of language to children there is neither mystery nor magic, for the tricks and diplomacies that succeed with the little people are precisely those that succeed with adults. Telling Mrs. Smith how sorry you are because she has the lumbago again is not nearly so effective as charging into the kitchen and washing her breakfast dishes.

It is the spirit of your approach toward human beings, little or big, that counts. Techniques of language and action don't mean a thing unless they are inspired by a continuing friendliness and love. The child must know, beyond any cavil, that you are on his side. The rest is smooth sailing.

# Now, Newspaper by Radio

Photo: Aeme



**WOR**

## RADIO PRINT

**WEATHER**  
Fair—Colder

**FACSIMILE**  
Home Edition

Newark, N. J., Thursday, Feb. 10, 1939

## RADIO OPENS VISUAL ERA

*Marvels of Facsimile Transmission  
Are Utilized by WOR Engineers'  
New Home Radio Service*

**By Silas Bent**  
*Author and Journalist*

**D**RASIC CHANGES are under way in the daily press. They are due in the main to technological progress, and they will bring with them social and economic dislocations. Foremost among them is the facsimile broadcast by which text, cartoons, and halftone pictures are reproduced at distant points. It is now possible, in certain cities, to sit in your living-room and watch your morning paper silently unreel by the yard from a slot in a small walnut cabinet. A radio newspaper chain is already in operation.

First to establish a facsimile newspaper was the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Through its own radio station, it began last December to broadcast on ultrahigh-frequency waves a special edition of nine pages, each page requiring 15 minutes for transmission. Fifteen receiving sets placed in the homes of staff members, some in the suburbs, furnished a check on quality of reception.

This was the world's first regular visual broadcast of a daily paper. The *Post-Dispatch* spoke of it editorially as "a glimpse of things to come" and said it "leads the imagination to envisage a possible revolution in the forms and technique of journalism as we know it today." *Editor & Publisher*, a weekly organ of the trade, although asserting the broadcast bore "about the same relationship to practical journalism as the *Mayflower* does to the *Normandie*," admitted it might be "a change that can shake the newspaper business from toe to crown."

That shaking may already have set in. At least before the *May-*

**Is It For the Home?**

Too often the most promising playthings of the research laboratory are widely proclaimed ready for instant use in the homes of the land. But frequently there has been either the bugaboo of expense or the fact that

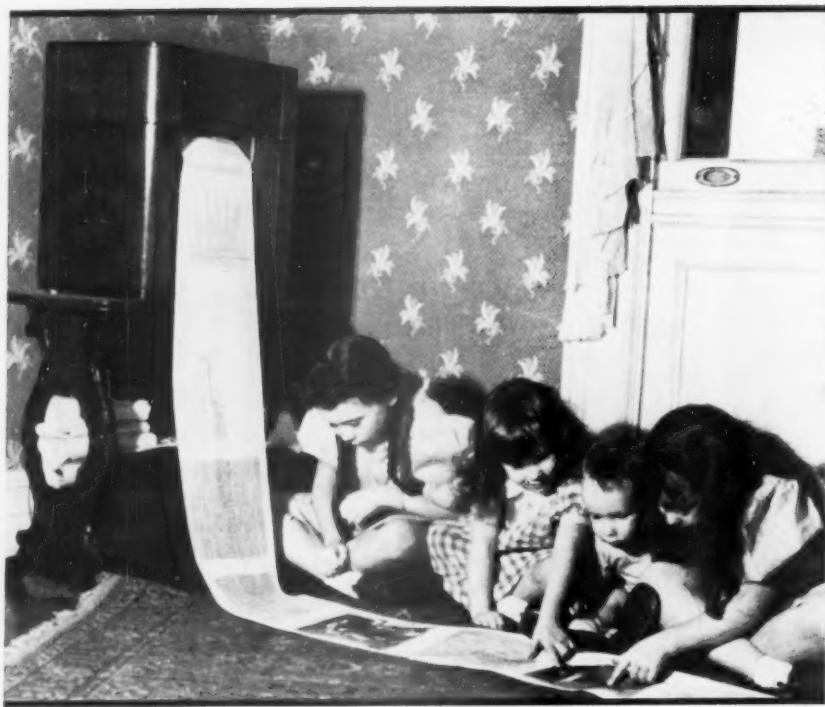


Photo: Courtesy, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*Lined up for the news and picture menu via facsimile—and no waiting as Dad finishes the financial section or Mother glances over the society columns.*

flower-facsimile analogy was a week old, the McClatchy Newspapers, a Western "string," began daily and Sunday publication of the *Radio Bee*. Prepared in Sacramento, California, it appeared simultaneously there and in Fresno in the same State over 100 receiving sets. After three weeks the sets were shifted to other homes, to test the reception, both aerial and human.

At about the same time Transradio Press Service announced plans for the establishment of 25 facsimile papers in cities where capital for the venture has been pledged. Since Transradio gives 24-hour service, they may be either morning or afternoon papers. All will be edited and made up in New York City, being transmitted by wire to the 25 stations and thence by radio to the home receiving sets clustered around these stations. The present newspaper, thinks Transradio's president, Herbert Moore, "is four times too big and four times too expensive to operate."

Then, in the last week of March, one of the major motion-picture studios began to tell the public of its stars and new productions—by facsimile broadcast. Emanating from Station WOR in Newark, New Jersey, which had sent its first printed material through the air nearly a year earlier, the publicity unreeled on a continuous strip in scores of homes equipped with receivers. Said Alfred J. McClosker, president of the station, when he announced the innovation, "Visual broadcasting is a new art—a new phase in the inexhaustible field of radio—and its potentialities as a guiding force in the cultural, social, and economic advancement of humanity have no limitations."

If you have visited the New York World's Fair, you have seen or have had a chance to see what the facsimile

newspaper looks like and what it can do. There the *Herald-Tribune* and the Radio Corporation of America have cooperated to produce the *Radio Press*, a small 8½ by 12-inch newspaper broadcast from a studio in the Radio Corporation's building to receiving sets in several other parts of the hall. Actually, the transmission has been by wire, but, as spectators were told, wireless could easily have been substituted for the cable.

So mounts the interest—and with it signs of the upheaval facsimile broadcasting may create. The McClatchy Newspapers employed seven additional men, mostly technicians, for their chain facsimile. But if and when the facsimile achieves general use, 150,000 skilled men will be thrown out of work in newspaper printshops alone. Machinery valued at billions of dollars—not only multi-color 16-cylinder presses which can run off 38,000 comic sections an hour and the elaborate paraphernalia of

the composing room, but also delivery trucks and freight elevators—will have to be scrapped. Here arises the recurrent question of technological disemployment and obsolescent capital investment. Can a new industry, or a combination of them, offset the disadvantages? This is a social and economic question affecting large fractions of all literate populations.

That a new order of journalism and a new industry are in the making seem assured. The Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University has recognized the situation to the extent of introducing courses in radio news writing and broadcasting. Manufacturers of facsimile receiving sets are confident that the devices will soon be within the reach of the average purse. When the *Post-Dispatch* undertook its experiment, the Radio Corporation of America, which supplied the sets, announced that within a month it would be able to sell them at \$260 each; in less than three months the Crosley Radio Corporation, a competitor, was advertising two types in New York at \$60 and \$80. Industry and invention in the United States travel usually in seven-league boots.

But perhaps we're getting the cart before the horse. A nontechnical line or two on what facsimile equipment looks like and what it produces may help. First of all, the facsimile newspaper is made possible by photoradio transmission, a process which has been in use between the United States and other countries for years and but one of 27 uses to which radio may be put. Not only short waves but also the regular broadcast wave lengths may be utilized, and the process is not unlike regular sound broadcasting. At the sending end, a photoelectric cell or "electric eye," which replaces the microphone of sound broadcasting, amplifies and sends as electric impulses

through ordinary transmitters the variations in light reflected from whatever "copy" is placed before it—be it a newspaper page, a glamour-dripping photo from Hollywood, or whatever. The home set transforms these back into light variations which, in turn, guide a stylus over chemically treated paper. The stylus burns infinitesimal black dots into the paper and by them reconstructs faithfully whatever the "electric eye" saw.

At present, matter may be reproduced at a speed of three feet of copy an hour, but much greater speed is a certainty.

As yet the transmission of pictures and print in color is impossible; indeed, the novelty has not yet worn off the employment of color printing in magazines and newspapers. It may be just around the corner for radio, however, because indefatigable talent is at work. W. G. H. Finch has taken out more than 60 patents on what he calls his "telepicture system," and recently got another relating to a novel drive mechanism for the facsimile carriage. His next may be a color machine. Who knows?

From the beginning of its tests last December, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has used high-frequency waves exclusively for facsimile. The primary advantage of this was that its facsimile paper could be sent out during the afternoon, without interfering with the usual broadcast bands. Another advantage was that it gave faster service; still another was that it was free from interruption by static. It is highly probable that, excepting in rural areas, the newspaper of tomorrow will be operated by high-

frequency waves, although such stations can transmit 30 to 50 miles only.

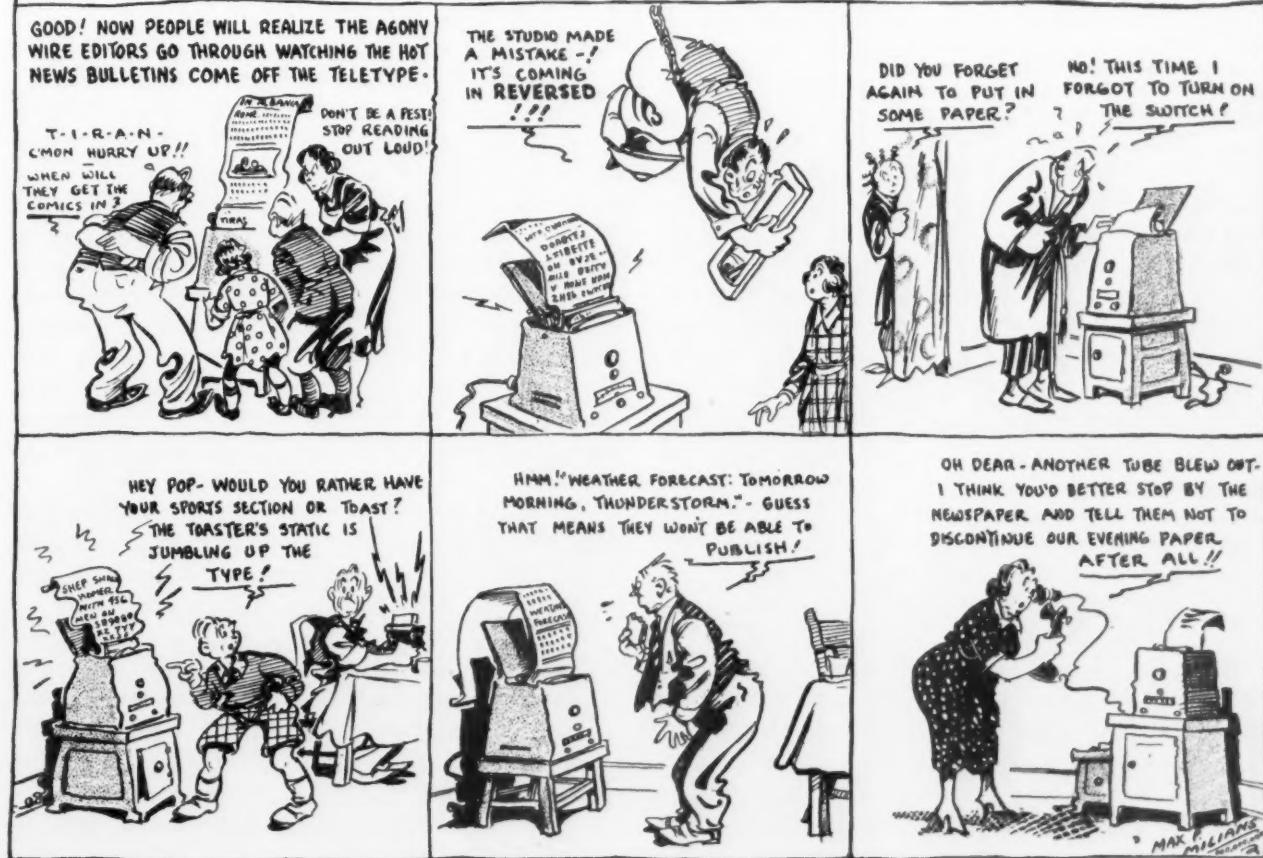
After seven months of trial, the *Post-Dispatch* reported that the public manifested a gratifying interest in its facsimile newspaper, but that the transmission must be made speedier and that a larger page must be supplied; and a belief was expressed that facsimile would never supplant entirely the present press, but would supplement it. Soon to be within reach of most of us, facsimile will, at any rate, be an economy over our present dribble of pennies for our dailies, to say nothing of the Sunday monster.

How much greater the economy for the press itself is almost beyond computation. Metropolitan newspapers are at great expense in distributing their product to distant points, usually by truck; some of them have several near-by assembly plants, and send the used matrices from one to the other by subway or truck. But suppose some up-and-coming inventor gave us a typewriter which could turn out a sheet in close imitation of our newspaper page; then all the expense of the composing room would disappear pronto, for that page could be transmitted at small cost concurrently to San Francisco, San Antonio, and New Orleans. Moreover, the smaller page would mean an immense saving in newsprint.

Any newspaper using facsimile must obtain special authorization from the Federal Communications Commission, and as yet this is issued only on an experimental basis. The Chicago *Tribune*, the Detroit *News*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and the St. Louis *Star-Times* are

By Max P. Millions, courtesy *Editor & Publisher*

TRADE NOTE: FACSIMILE RADIO NEWSPAPER SETS PLACED ON THE MARKET.



among those which have obtained these licenses; all own their radio stations, but Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana, would like to deprive the daily press of future stations. The press, to the contrary, is urging that the Communications Commission extend the license beyond the present six-month period, which is regarded as a grave handicap and a threat of censorship.

After Gutenberg printed from movable types at Strassburg, Germany, some five centuries ago, changes in the graphic arts were comparatively slow until man began tinkering with the communication of news. Here was a highly perishable commodity, which might conceivably travel faster by word of mouth than by the printed page, so that it behooved the vendor to bestir himself. He did. He substituted for the reciprocating press the rotary model, and developed it into a marvel of complicated mechanism. He progressed from hand-set composition to the linotype. He learned to print in colors and to send photographs, an increasingly important part of his news, by telegraph. Thus the transmission of fresh information and of comment was vastly altered and facilitated. With the coming of Marconi greater changes took place, and greater speed was attained. Oral news broadcasts proved almost at once their usefulness and value. In the spot reporting of events, in the speedy announcement of developments during international crises, in the mobilization of relief during great calamities, radio established itself securely in the news field; worse, from the publisher's standpoint, it established itself in the advertising field. Thus there grew up between the daily press and wireless a hostility which was nursed mostly by newspapermen and which was mostly unenlightened. The fact was that radio made no inroads on circulation and but little on advertising revenue. It was a useful auxiliary rather than a dangerous competitor, but there was a latent fear that a nation which was satisfied for the most part with headlines would listen to microphone bulletins and refuse to read the press.

**A**NOTHER threat to newspapers came in the teletype, at first hailed as a convenience in the movement of news, but recognized presently as a rival when it was utilized in offices and clubs and elsewhere for the reception of market reports, bulletins, and documents. The introduction of the microscopic page of print, which could be enlarged on a screen or read with a magnifying glass, gave publishers another attack of nerves; but this promised an economy in paper and in the space required for filing in public and private libraries. The microscopic page was a casual commentary on the bulky and unwieldy daily which we had received patiently into our homes and lugged to work. Nobody who has tried to read an eight-column paper in the subway, on an elevated train, or in a streetcar can have failed to bless the thing out. The advent of the tabloid picture paper was a forewarning of revolt against the blanket page and a symptom that readers were becoming increasingly picture-conscious. Now we have tabloid newspapers, with no special emphasis on photographs, as a further remind-

er that the newspaper in its old form is obsolescent.

With the facsimile newspaper we can have before us news of happenings in China on the day before our calendars say they occurred, for radio vastly outstrips the sun. (With the perfection of television and of portable radio sets, we can *see* the happenings as well as read about them.) But the speed of facsimile newspapers is hardly more attractive than their compact form. How much pleasanter to prop the smaller sheet against the coffee pot at breakfast or to scan it on the way home from work than to struggle with the expanse now offered to us!

**I**T IS interesting to speculate on the changes in newspaper technique which are likely to come with facsimile reproduction. That we must have terser news seems certain; flatulent column after column will become impracticable if not impossible. There is likely to be a new method of make-up and presentation, too. What will become of the editorial page? Already one of our most famous managing editors has complained that only 5 percent of the readers look at it, and it has fallen into an undeserved desuetude. The probability is that it will be intermingled with the news columns, and that what we shall get will be interpretative stories, not unlike the commentaries already heard over the radio. A great many dailies slant their news even now to accord with their editorial views, without attempting an objective and factual method; this is chiefly harmful because the reader is not warned of what is being done to him. When the practice is adopted frankly and without subterfuge, as seems likely, the chief objection to it will evaporate. No one, so far as I know, ever viewed the Manchester *Guardian* with suspicion because it printed interpretations of the world's doings in its news columns.

And what about advertising? Will it be printed alongside the news, as now? If so, what will become of the page announcement? Manufacturers of facsimile receiving sets have suggested that the advertisements might be preprinted on the back of the paper rolls distributed to the subscriber, but there is good reason to doubt whether the man who pays the bill will relish that arrangement. That the sale of space must bear the chief burden of production, as it does now with the daily newspaper, goes almost without saying. During the depression the ratio of revenue from the sale of space to the sale of the paper was rated at 60-40, but in normal times the average daily derives three-fourths of its income from the sale of space. The facsimile newspaper is likely to face a similar situation as to its livelihood. It should be economically self-sustaining if it is to be independent and free from subsidy, and so far nobody has proposed a better practice.

Whatever the answers to these questions, we are witnessing newspaper history in the making. The daily press is definitely a part of our daily life and is indispensable to the maintenance of our institutions. Changes which affect it affect all of us acutely or by indirection. The coming of the facsimile broadcast marks not merely a milestone; it is also the dawn of a new epoch of deep importance to all of us.



Photo: Keystone

# Rivals of the Condor



**By C. Lana Sarrate**

*Special Representative, Rotary International*

RECENTLY a traveller left Barranquilla, at the mouth of the Magdalena River in Colombia, early in the morning, and arrived in Bogotá, the capital, before dark. Nothing unusual about that. Hundreds of travellers have done the same lately. But this particular one had a vivid recollection of earlier trips, when it took him *four weeks* of uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous travel to accomplish the same journey.

The difference lay wholly in the means of transportation. The earlier trips were made by stern-wheeler and railroad, the best conveyances then available. The recent trip was made by a SCADTA plane on a regularly scheduled run.

Probably there is no part of the world where the airplane, both in present accomplishment and in future promise, is doing so much for the improvement of communication, and therefore for the improvement of business and peaceful understanding among different nationalities, as in South America. I myself have had many experiences of the wizardry of airplane travel about this continent. There is, for example, the land trip from Cochabamba to Santa Cruz de la Sierra, in Bolivia. That's a seven-day trip on muleback. Seven interminable, comfortless, fatiguing days, not devoid of danger. By air-

plane, however, we hurdle the Andean barrier and complete the same trip in an hour and a quarter—merely the time that many a businessman takes for a not-too-leisurely lunch.

Again, if you go by land from Guayaquil, Ecuador, to Cali, Colombia, you must give five days to the trip. It is picturesque and interesting, but arduous and time consuming. The plane makes a direct flight between these two points in about three hours.

In Peru, once more, one may go by land plane and hydroplane from San Ramon to Iquitos (Peru's Atlantic seaport) in about eight hours. By mule, canoe, and river steamer, the only other transportation between these cities, you are indeed fortunate if you make the trip in three weeks.

These are samples. Similar instances could be given for travel in the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Pará, and scores of other cities. Distance and time, as the saying goes, have suddenly been annihilated in South America. Is it any wonder that a traveller who has made some of these difficult trips both ways should feel something akin to veneration for travel by airplane?

Most South American countries have suffered because of peculiar obstacles to the rapid development of land transportation. Jungles, great rivers, burning deserts, deeply eroded uplands, and towering mountain ranges succeed one another with discouraging abandon. Railroads, when built at all, have often been excessively



*Routine is the work of filling gas tanks of an airplane just landed in Brazil from Europe (above)—yet two continents have been linked, distant people made neighbors.*

*The map only hints at the maze of airlines webbing South America from Maracaibo to the Horn, from Natal to Lima. Hurdling time and distance, giant ocean spanners, graceful clippers, and workaday planes carrying the mail or loaded with freight, speed the wheels of industry as they soar above jungles, mountains, and deserts.*

*This passenger (below) finds modern comfort in the air from Miami, Florida, across the Caribbean Sea, above the tangles of the Amazonian forests—to Rio de Janeiro!*

Photos: (above & below) Erwin Berghaus from Black Star; map by B. A. Benson



costly, as in the case of the marvellously ingenious line that connects Santos and São Paulo, or the extraordinarily difficult trans-Andean stretch through the Uspallata Pass on the line connecting Santiago and Buenos Aires. Transportation difficulties have unquestionably slowed up the commercial development of this amazing continent. Amazing—and amazingly rich. No other continent, perhaps, so well deserves the title "Land of Tomorrow." And today no single device is doing so much to bring the continent's potentialities within reach of realization as the airplane. Almost overnight the traditional llama, mule train, stern-wheeler, and human burden carrier lost their essential places.

The development of the continent's airways has been breath stealing. Only 13 years ago a well-known writer published a lengthy and authoritative book on Brazil. You will hunt in vain in his index for the words "airway" or "airplane." If you should look up what he says about Natal, the city and the State, you will find little more than this: "From the standpoint of foreign commerce . . . not worth mentioning." Yet today Natal is a key spot in world commerce. Why? Because it is Brazil's crossroads for air traffic, its aviation center. It is

here that French and German regularly scheduled services land, too, of course, there the clipper planes that close to South America. In both Natal, it has been said, is more comparable area in the New World.

The history of the airways and needs no repetition in a few short airlines were operating between Buenos Aires and Brazil. In 1927 a Frenchman, Charles A. Lindbergh, and the American Airways, the Caribbean laboratory were in regular flying service across the Atlantic.

The best idea of the present America is perhaps to be found in statistics and published by the United States commerce. Including Central America as South America, the figures for 203 regularly scheduled services a distance of 88,146 miles. Of the local, two are European, and the United States. The principal flags, of



*A native child thrills looking down on her home and village from the sky.*

German trans-Atlantic planes in  
serves land and take off. Here,  
a constant coming and going of  
have brought the United States  
in both time and understanding.  
is more air-minded than any  
in the New World.

of the airways has been written many  
no mention in detail. As early as 1926,  
lines were operating in Colombia, Brazil,

In 1927 a French company started a line  
Aires and Brazil. Followed in the next  
pioneer South American flights of Colonel  
dberg and the successful work of Pan  
ways, the Caribbean became an experi-  
atory wherein experience was gained for  
service across the Pacific and, more re-  
the Atlantic.

of the present status of flying in South  
as found in statistics recently compiled  
by the United States Department of Com-  
ing Central America and Mexico as well  
a, these figures show that 47 airlines of-  
scheduled services, covering a combined  
6 miles. Of these 47 companies, 43 are  
European, and two are from the United  
Principal flags, of eight nations, and the

distances flown under them are shown in the table below:

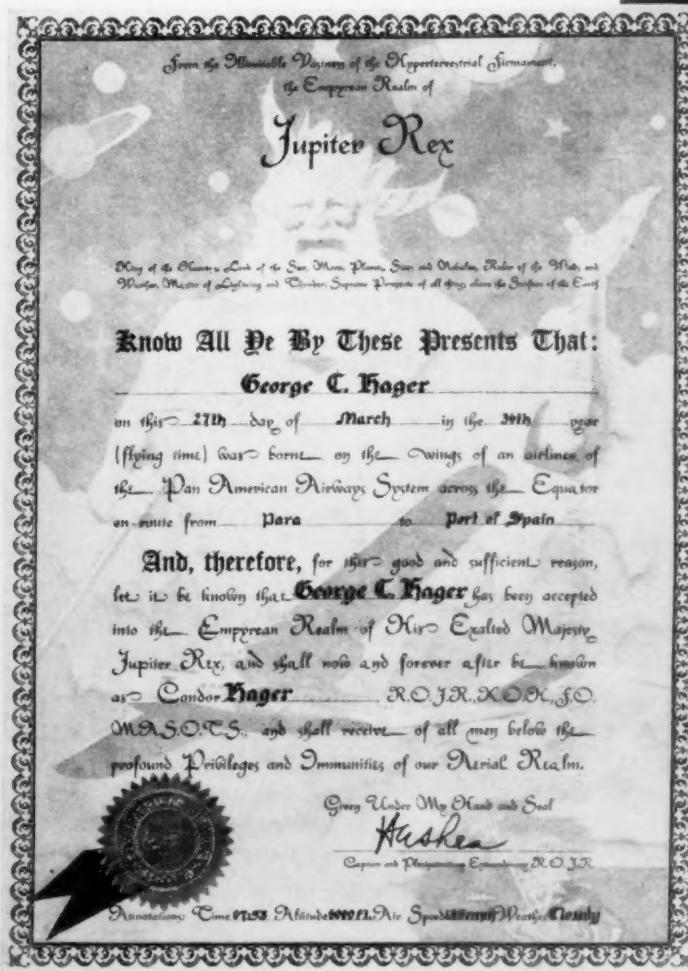
Countries	Miles
United States	21,738
Brazil	21,246
Mexico	9,005
Colombia	7,401
Peru	6,041
Germany	3,738
Bolivia	3,515
France	3,409

Additions are made constantly, and the figures change rapidly. Service has been established only recently, for example, between Buenos Aires and Tierra del Fuego.

Besides scheduled routes carrying mail and passengers are flights made in behalf of commercial developments. Locked in mountain ruggedness are great mineral riches—newly made available to the world by the airplane. Over the Andes tons of machinery have been flown to mining camps, and back to the cities have been carried precious ores. Were the airplane not available to soar above the rigors of land transportation, vast areas of South America containing tremendous potential wealth could not be developed. Aerial surveys ferret out the



For crossing the "line"—a diploma, such as that given  
Rotary's 1938-39 President.



Photos: (top) Erwin Berghaus from Black Star; (above) Kurt Severin

In the tradition of the sea, a special dinner  
(top) is served as the plane soars over the  
equator. The shadow of a new kind of "bird"  
descends on a jungle-bordered river (above).



Photo: Erwin Berghaus from Black Star

*Arriving by air for Rotary International's 1940 Convention, the traveller will set foot in the host city at Rio de Janeiro's airdrome—five minutes from the center of Brazil's capital. Planes of many nations soar skyward from here.*

secrets of regions never trod by white man. Only promising areas are chosen for closer scrutiny, thus modernizing the work of pioneering. One can only speculate on the final effects of this new approach to economic exploration and development. But it is apparent that the airplane is a versatile tool, here being used with remarkable results.

As an experienced and enthusiastic user of these air services, I should like to say a word about certain questions concerning them which inevitably arise. There is, of course, the question of safety. It is always brought up by those who have done little travelling except on terra firma. Let me relate a personal incident.

I was flying from Chicago to Santiago, Chile, not long ago. At Mexico City two passengers came aboard, both healthy-looking gentlemen. It was shortly after noon when we left Mexico City for Guatemala, and it was one of those days bursting with radiant vigor, of which the Aztec highlands seem to have more than their just share. Our plane was a magnificent Douglas accommodating 21 passengers and a crew of four. The steward fastened the passengers' safety belts, a usual precaution at that point, for in the neighborhood of those huge dormant volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the air is nearly always "bumpy." Not dangerous, but it has "holes" in it. On this trip the plane soon began to buck and jump. One of the new passengers from Mexico City was flying for the first time; at the first lurch he became as pale as Banquo's ghost.

Not till we reached Guatemala and he felt firm earth beneath his feet once more, did he lose his nervousness. By that time he and I had become acquainted. We ate dinner together. He had recovered sufficiently so that his appetite had returned. During the meal I learned that he was an outdoorsman, a horseman, a good shot, and accustomed to dangers. *But—dangers met on land!* The air was beyond his knowledge.

When the flight was resumed the following morning, his nervous anguish returned. He was ashamed of it; but nervous he still was. He would eat nothing on the plane. Not till we got to Cristobal, our next stop, would he take a bite. And then on land. It there occurred to me to remind him of a simple fact: that insurance companies, whose activities are governed by cold actuarial statistics, charge no more for accident insurance when one is flying on a regular commercial airline than when one is crossing a street on a windy day. This argument profoundly impressed my new friend. I was happy the next day, en route from Panama to Guayaquil, to see that, in spite of unfriendly weather, he was as completely at ease as anyone. He ate on board, and with gusto.

It is the strangeness of air travel that causes people to fear it—if they do fear it. The dangers of daily life are so commonplace that we scarcely think of them. Flying is so unusual to most of us as yet that we think only of the dangers.

As a matter of fact, flying today is amazingly safe. Furthermore, it saves incalculable amounts of time, not

only in passenger travel time, but also in mail communication. No one today in business, nor in any calling where time is of importance, tries to send his letters by steamer from, say, Buenos Aires to New York, or from Paris to Santiago, Chile. By steamer, a letter takes three weeks; by airplane, not more than five days.

Over and above these advantages, flying gives the traveller a view of the country that it is utterly impossible to get in any other way. Steamers north from Rio hug the coast fairly close as far as Recife; but even at best, the traveller by water gains only a glimmering idea of what lies behind the visible shore line. From the air, however, in all-daylight hops, there is spread before your eyes, in the most graphic way conceivable, hundreds of miles of country; you actually see the wealth of the land in fields of cotton and corn and sugar cane.

And not least of all, there is majesty, too. Suppose you are bound by air from the capital of Chile to Mendoza, in Argentina. You will have an early cup of coffee in Santiago before you start, and two hours later you will eat breakfast in Mendoza. Meantime, you will have seen one of the wildest and most magnificent scenes it is possible to see on any regular transportation route anywhere on the face of the earth. You will have crossed the Andes, rubbing shoulders with Aconcagua, the highest peak in the New World, passing in air-conditioned comfort and coziness above rugged canyons, precipices, and snow-fields of indescribable grandeur, which for ages heretofore have taken travellers, afoot or muleback or by coach, dangerous days and weeks to traverse.

I have spoken of safety, time saving, and the eye view of the country that are special advantages accorded the traveller by air. In the long pull, however, I think I should say that the greatest promise of air travel lies in the growth of better understanding among neighboring peoples. Men who live far apart can now quickly meet

one another face to face. They can see for themselves that individuals whom they formerly viewed with suspicion have neither horns nor hoofs. Causes of distrust disappear. Friendliness grows. Today Latin Americans of the different republics meet each other much oftener and with much greater ease than ever before; likewise, they meet Anglo-Americans, Britishers, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Chinese. Understanding increases—and, with understanding, the will to peace.

Latin America lagged in getting the benefits of modern transportation. The airplane, however, is peculiarly adapted to her problems. And this "Land of Tomorrow" is making such splendid use of airways that her "tomorrow" is rapidly becoming "today."



*Picturesque, of course, and traditional in rugged mountain country, donkey pack trains still carry their quota of freight. However, they are almost symbols of the past, for airplanes are ushering in a new era of travel.*

*Almost casual is the trip from one continent to another, but even modern efficiency cannot steal the romance from sleek planes winging their way over trackless oceans—to bring you a letter!*

# My Pet Hate Is—Golf!

By Quentin Reynolds

**I**HAVE three hates and if you like them, all I can say is—you can have them. They are opera, bridge, and golf.

I think that opera is by far the most pretentious and ridiculous of all arts. It is nothing but music without melody, and music, after all, is a frail lass who needs the framework of melody to support her. Music is much too important to be wasted upon opera, just as youth (Mr. Shaw is the authority) is too important to be wasted upon the very young.

Then take bridge. Bridge is the refuge of minds too vacuous to concern themselves with anything but 13 cards. Poker is a congenial game which brings out the best in people. Bridge is unquestionably an unsocial game which makes snarling, surly devils out of otherwise pleasant people. I have never participated in or watched a bridge game which ended happily. Were I really cynical, I would say that only marriage compares with bridge as a wrecker of romance and despoiler of tempers—the difference being that marriage usually

An upsetter of nerves, a wrecker of dispositions, is this game of the greens and the fairways—and the author wants no more of it!

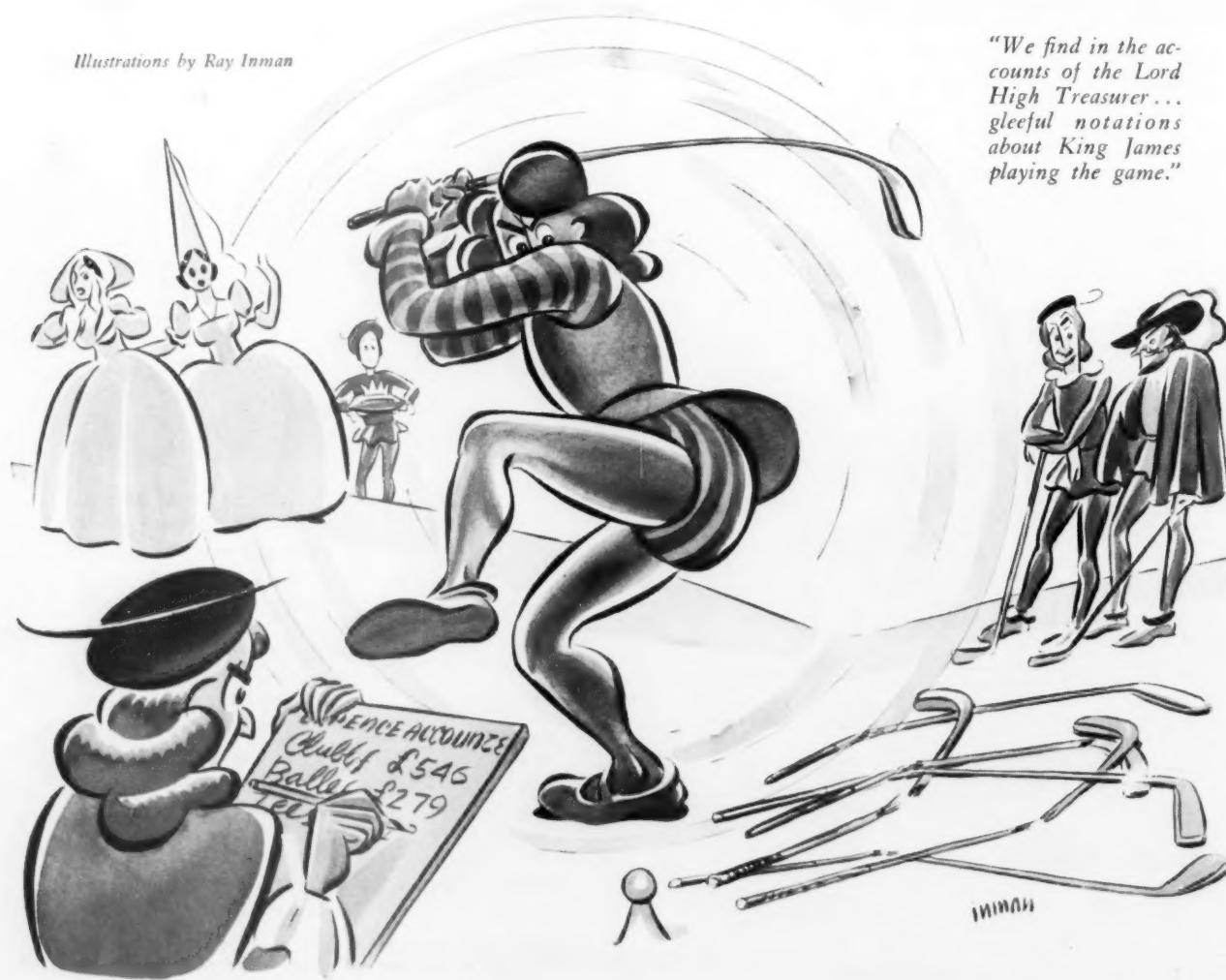
makes only two people unhappy while bridge does it to at least four.

Now, take my pet hate. That's golf. I think golf is all right for the aged and infirm. If a man is too old to chase anything else, why it's all right for him to chase a little white ball all over the countryside. Golf is neither exercise nor relaxation. It is hard on the nerves and a great sourer of dispositions. A golf course is a breeding place of liars and an incentive to egomania.

It is a pity that James IV was not a man of stronger character. In 1491 he banned golf "for the gude of the realme." However, a few years later he foolishly fell for the alleged charm of the game, and we find in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland (1503-06) gleeful notations about King James playing the game. Well, there have been greater kings than James IV.

Illustrations by Ray Inman

*"We find in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer . . . gleeful notations about King James playing the game."*





"He goes around the course casually. . . . There is always the possibility of coming across some new flower."

The first female golfer was a lass by the name of Mary Stuart, daughter of James V. She became a real addict of the game, and it is even recorded that she played golf two days after the murder of her husband (*Inventories of Mary Queen of Scots*, preface, p. ix, 1863). Only a golf player would show such unwarranted disrespect for a murdered marital partner. He was no bargain perhaps, but she might have spent the conventional four or five days after his death in mourning.

The only place where I ever enjoyed playing golf was on the course of the Carrizozo Golf Club in Carrizozo, New Mexico. The ranchers of the neighborhood each tossed in \$100 to build the course and the clubhouse. It's a nice course with marvellous sand greens. There's nothing around much but sand and cactus—no grass at all, because the cattle eat all the grass.

Now it gets very hot in Carrizozo, but the ranchers and the cowboys figured out a way to beat the heat. Each golf player has two caddies when he starts out. The job of one is the conventional job of taking care of the clubs, teeing up the ball, and chasing it when it finds the rough. The job of the other is to carry a large pitcher of refreshment. As soon as the pitcher is emptied or its contents become warm, he runs back to the clubhouse for a refill. No one bothers about keeping score on the Carrizozo links. Records show that only one in 20 foursomes gets beyond the fifth hole. Yes, it *is* hot in Carrizozo.

There was a time when I used to make plenty money out of golf, but not by playing the game. It was about ten years ago when Frank O'Doul was playing in the outfield for the New York Giants. I covered the team during the Spring training period for a New York news-

paper. Florida, of course, is virtually a plague spot for golf courses. The landscape is pockmarked with them. I saw the economic possibilities of golf the first time I watched O'Doul play. Any time he went over 72 it was an accident.

There are always a lot of obese, middle-aged men hanging around Florida hotel lobbies bragging about their game. It is easy to get into conversation with any of these addicts. You have only to nod now and then and say admiringly, "That must have been a great shot." I would listen a while and then pretend to be annoyed.

"You shot an 80?" I'd say. "That's nothing. See that fellow sitting in that big armchair? I'll bet he could beat you playing left-handed."

Invariably the sucker would take a look at O'Doul, who on my instructions always put on a dopey sleepy look at this stage of the game. The sucker would snort, "Oh, yeah? There's nobody can beat me playing left-handed. I'll make you a little wager. . . ."

Once the hook was baited, the rest was easy. I would introduce him to O'Doul, who would try to persuade me to get out of the bet, and would say admiringly, "Why,

I watched Mr. Doakes play this afternoon, and I doubt if I could beat him right-handed, much less left-handed."

Then I would double my bet. O'Doul and the sucker would thereupon proceed to the links, where O'Doul would invariably beat the sucker by two strokes. If the sucker by any remote contingency happened to be a good golfer, shooting, let's say, a 79, O'Doul would always oblige with a 77. If the sucker shot 100, O'Doul would come up with a 98. And he would make every shot left-handed. This was not surprising in view of the fact that he also threw a ball with his left hand, batted left-handed, and used a fork with his left hand. In fact, since birth Frank O'Doul had been as left-handed as anyone could be. He couldn't have broken 120 playing golf right-handed, but it happened that he was (and is) one of the ten or 12 best left-handed golfers in the world. To baseball fans he was always known as "Lefty" O'Doul.

This was not strictly an ethical procedure, I will admit, but I would also like to point out the fact that ethics have no place in international relations of bridge or golf.

As far as I know, there are only two sensible, rational golfers in the world. One of them is John Kieran, of the *New York Times*. Years ago he was a very proficient golfer and, like all golfers of ability, his only interest in the game was his score. He didn't play golf for its own sake; he played it so he could walk proudly into the clubhouse with a 79 on his card. He found himself getting obsessed with the game. His work was suffering and he was losing sleep at night. One day he found himself bawling out an office boy for no reason at all. He discovered to his horror that he had become a surly misanthrope disliked by one and all, he who had once been the best-liked newspaperman in New York.

He thought it over and came to the conclusion that golf was the cause. It happens that Kieran is a naturalist of no mean accomplishment. He loves trees and birds and flowers. He hated to give up golf entirely because of his interest in Nature. Golf courses are challenges to a botanist such as John. He did the next best thing. He threw all his clubs away except one midiron. Today he plays golf as much as ever, but he does not keep score and he uses only that one club. He goes around a course casually, not caring much where the ball lands. If it

comes to rest in some tangled undergrowth far off the fairway, John smiles with delight. There is always the possibility of coming across some new flower, some rare plant, in that no-man's land of the rough, and this gladdens his botanist's heart. Once more John Kieran is the most genial and pleasant newspaperman in New York. He has not struck an office boy or a cripple since his reformation. His friends are sure his cure is complete.

The other golfer is a man named Robert Minton. I was playing in a foursome at the High Ridge Country Club recently when Mr. Minton, playing behind us, came up and asked politely if he could play through. We nodded and he walked to the tee. He took some sand and fixed it carefully. Then he took his stance, took careful sight down the fairway, and drove.

"Sliced that one a bit," he said and then he walked off.

**F**OUR of us had watched this with great interest. We all waited for someone else to speak. Finally one said, "Maybe I'm nuts, but I didn't see him hit the ball."

"He is evidently a real crackpot," another said.

I saw Mr. Minton in the locker room afterward. "What kind of a round did you have?" I asked.

"Great, great!" he smiled. "Here's my card."

He handed it to me and I saw that he had shot a 67.

"That's the best score I ever made," he said happily. "Two years ago I had a 72, but in those days, of course, I used a ball. That makes it a bit harder. Now without using a ball I find that I can crack par practically every time."

"Why don't you use a ball in playing?" I asked.

He laughed. "My way is much more fun. When I used a ball, I'd always fly into a rage when I hooked or sliced or made a bad putt. My disposition was so bad that my wife left me, my dog bit me, and I lost my job. I finally took stock of myself. I found that the only part of golf I really enjoyed was the actual swinging of a club. By eliminating the ball altogether, I still retain the one enjoyable feature of the game and suffer none of the distasteful features. I enjoy swinging, I enjoy walking, and, above all, I enjoy putting down my score at the end of each hole. Some people," he added, "think I'm crazy, but just look around the room."

I did. There were a dozen surly, squawking golfers all screaming about the score they would have had if it hadn't been for etc., etc. Four others were drinking grimly, apparently to forget a bad round. Only Mr. Minton was happy.

"Yes, as far as I know," he said, "I'm the only one in the world who actually enjoys golf. To me it's the greatest game in the world—if played without a ball."

I have gone Mr. Minton one better. Today I play without a ball and without clubs. By staying away from the course I eliminate the danger of sunstroke. The opera, bridge, golf—I'll enjoy all three by myself in some quiet spot standing behind a cooling glass with never the sight of fat tenors, the shrill arguments of bridge addicts, or the whine of bad golfers to disturb my peace.



"By staying away from the course I eliminate the danger of sunstroke."

# These 31 DON'T Hate Golf

NOT on their list of pet hates is golf, for these Rotarians have made the trip from tee to cup in the magic one-shot! As a consequence of their feat on the fairway, they have become members of THE ROTARIAN'S Hole-in-One Club, the total roster of which stood previously at 540, now jumps to 571.

(1) Merrill J. Mack, Amherst, Mass., Amherst G. C., 190 yds.; (2) W. R. Duff Torrance, Antwerp, Belgium, Royal Antwerp G. C., 140 meters; (3) Victor K. Moore, Au Sable Forks, N. Y.,\* 2 shots—Indole G. C., 1st, 110 yds., 2d, 133 yds.; (4) William Wells Russell, Baltimore, Md., Rolling Road G. C., 153 yds.; (5) Everett M. Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y., Wheatley Hills G. C., 140 yds.; (6) Ed. P. Johnson, Brookings, So. Dak., Brookings C. C., 127 yds.; (7) Archie Lockhart, Kitchener-Waterloo, Ont., Canada, Burlington G. C., 155 yds.; (8) Donald V. Williamson, Chicago, Ill., La Grange C. C., 110 yds.; (9) Herbert J. Taylor, Chicago, Ill., Lakeside G. C., White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., 130 yds.; (10) Donald H. O'Rourke, Denver, Colo., Denver C. C., 205 yds.

(11) Lester Z. Brown, Hollywood, Calif., Catalina G. C., 170 yds.; (12) Luther B. Bewley, Manila, The Philippines, Baguio C. C., 177 yds.; (13) Frank E. Dock, Springfield, Ohio, Springfield C. C., 203 yds.; (14) Edgar M. Hawkins, Toledo, Ohio, Inverness G. C., 125 yds.; (15) Daniel J. O'Brien, Toledo, Ohio, Inverness G. C., 146 yds.; (16) Eugene H. Schamber, Ukiah, Calif., • Deceased

(17) Father Francis Kramer, Vinita, Okla., Hillcrest C. C., 145 yds.; (18) I. D. Yoder, Barberton, Ohio, Brookside C. C., 190 yds.; (19) I. R. Benner, Barberton, Ohio, Brookside C. C., 190 yds.

(20) Norman McMillan, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Mississauga G. & C. C., 185 yds.; (21) Neil P. Petersen, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Mississauga G. & C. C., 145 yds.; (22) Beverley Balmer, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Elbow Beach Hotel G. C., 85 yds.; (23) Charles F. Mason, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Rosedale G. C., 110 yds.; (24) Fred M. Conant, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Fonthill G. C., 158 yds.; (25) Charles Neilson, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Weston G. C., 125 yds.; (26) A. William Purtle, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Lakeview G. & C. C., 148 yds.; (27) Frank A. Bell, Waverly, N. Y., Shepard Hills C. C., 135 yds.; (28) Jeff H. Williams, Chickasha, Okla., River Oaks C. C., 221 yds.; (29) William F. Yust, Orlando, Fla., Dubsdread G. C., 125 yds.; (30) Allen J. Saville, Richmond, Va., Hermitage C. C., 175 yds. (2d hole-in-one); (31) Alvin Childs, Jacksonville, Tex., Jacksonville C. C., 112 yds.



7



Photos: (2) Dam; (4) Underwood; (8, 9) Walinger; (12) Harris & Ewing; (23) Lyonde; (25) Blank & Stotter

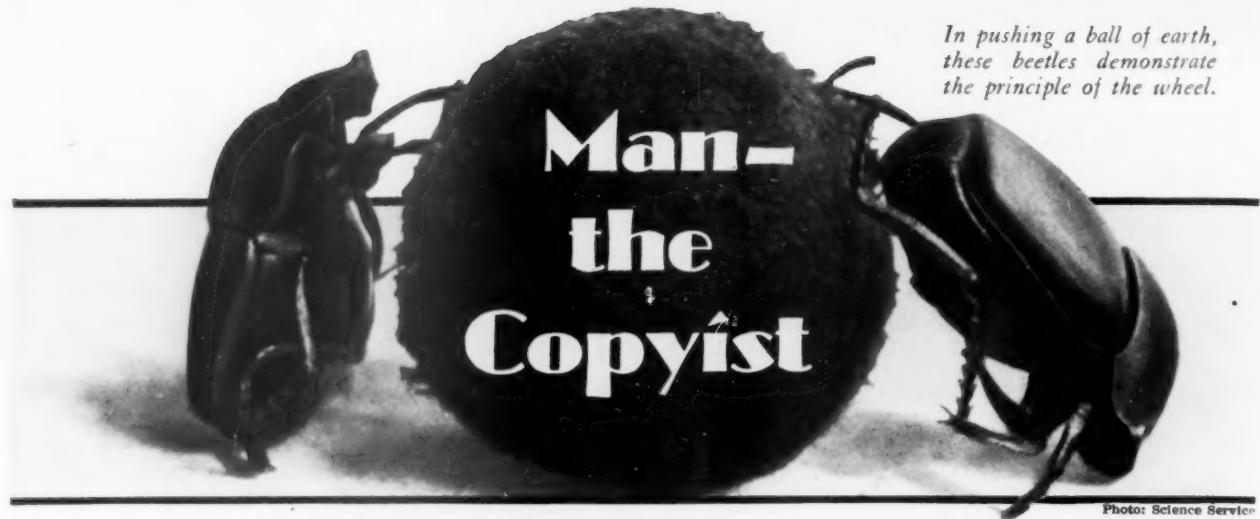


Photo: Science Service

## Man-the Copyist

By Robert Sparks Walker

*Author and Naturalist*

**F**OR AN HOUR we had walked in the woods, saying little. To me the day was gloomy, oppressive, and my naturalist friend had been content to observe things but make few remarks.

When we had sat down on an old log to rest, I ventured my opinion.

"Don't you think the woods are dull today?" I said.

"The woods are never dull," my friend replied. "Nature is as fine as ever—beautiful, wonderful, golden. If there's anything wrong, it's with man—not with Nature."

"Perhaps," I admitted reluctantly.

"Why not be positive about it? Nature shows us how to be happy and successful. We could learn how to live better if we'd only take her suggestions. And Nature is practical in her suggestions. She gives man patterns to copy. She has even invented things for him. Primitive men especially were indebted to Nature for ideas."

"I suppose Nature even showed primitive man how to grind his grain," I suggested testily.

"Come with me." My friend's eyes twinkled as he sought to answer what I had meant to be a sarcastic remark.

I followed him down the rough, stony gully of a clear stream. We halted where the water poured over a slight precipice, splashing and roaring. My friend pointed to a rock as big and as smooth as a cannonball which was circling endlessly inside a pothole. The water's swirling motion powered this natural grinding process.

"What do you see?" the naturalist asked.

"Nature's mortar and pestle!" I declared.

"Of course. Primitive man had no thinking at all to do on the vital problem of grinding corn—he just copied a pothole," my friend explained.

At that moment a covey of quail scurried through a clump of partridge peas, billing out the dry seeds. We watched them feed.

"And when man was ready to improve on the mortar

*In pushing a ball of earth, these beetles demonstrate the principle of the wheel.*

From the bobwhite, tumblebug, wasp, and blue jay, man received hints on how to grind his corn, use the wheel, and make pottery.

and pestle, he had other suggestions from Nature," my friend remarked.

"The dickens he did!" I exclaimed.

"See that bobwhite eating pebbles?" he asked.

"Sure! That helps to grind his food in his gizzard. I'm just stupid not to catch on without being told."

"That's the first use of the primitive gristmill that I know of. Later, man employed the same principles," the naturalist declared.

"And a portable outfit at that!" I remarked. "Can we find more examples of Nature inventing things?"

"I think so," answered my friend. "Look at those blue jays."

Five of these birds rollicked in the bushes near-by. While we watched, one of them probed with his beak under his tail feathers, then began to preen himself.

"It's going to rain today," the naturalist remarked. "That bird is oiling his feathers. He's just squeezed out oil from his 'oilcan.' Chickens do the same thing a few hours before a shower. There's Nature's suggestion for the oilcan. See how it's carried in an out-of-the-way place, but is ready for instant use."

Then my friend squatted down better to watch two beetles. A ground beetle was being pursued by a greenish "monster" with yellow legs. As the pursuer gained on his victim, I heard a "pop," sounding like a small bomb had exploded.

"That's a bombardier beetle shooting gas bombs at his enemy," my friend explained. "Watch what happens."

Two more shots followed quickly, then a third and a fourth. Each explosion covered the ground beetle with a smoke screen. The stench made us back away. When the smoke had cleared, the field was empty.

"The bombardier beetle is the originator of the gas-

bomb attack," the naturalist pointed out. "He's very successful with it, seldom loses a battle. He can toss about a dozen bombs in quick succession."

"It took man many centuries to copy that idea," I observed.

After a few more steps the naturalist stopped and pointed to a tree branch. I saw a miniature earthen pot, its lid fastened down, sticking to the limb. Near-by was a duplicate pot, unsealed. A small wasp flew into it carrying a caterpillar.

"That's a potter wasp," the naturalist announced. "She's filling the jars with caterpillars—which she has carefully put to sleep with hypodermics. On the last caterpillar in each pot the wasp will lay an egg. When it hatches, her baby will have fresh meat to eat until it is grown."

"And the pots look like those my family keeps," I observed. "Smaller, but the same pattern."

"Yes, the potter wasp originated this particular design, but it was copied by the Indians and later by the whites," my friend told me.

We had reached an open space, and I was still thinking about the small potter wasp when a larger, angry wasp of a different species hovered around my face. I struck at it and dodged away.

"She's not going to sting you," my friend said. "You were simply standing in her way."

He pointed out a small hole in the ground, perhaps an inch in diameter, near where I was standing.

"That was a digger wasp, and that's her home," the naturalist explained. "She'll be back soon."

In a few minutes she returned, carrying a harvest fly larger than herself. She landed about a foot from her home, dragged her victim behind her, and disappeared.

"How did she kill that elephant of an insect?"

"She hasn't killed it," the naturalist explained. "She slipped up and gave it a hypodermic. While it was unconscious, she brought it in for food for her children."

"Then the wasps were the real discoverers of the anesthetic?" I suggested.

"That's right," he affirmed. "It took the human race a long time to learn the lesson of preparing a person for a painless operation."

**M**Y companion looked at his watch. "Time to be hitting the trail," he announced.

A hundred yards down the sandy lane bordered with crownbeard, bitterweed, and wild senna, the naturalist knelt in the path.

Two black tumblebugs had caught his attention. They were pushing a round ball. One corner stuck out and interfered with smooth rolling until one of the pair scissored off the offending piece with his sharp jaws. They started off again in a mad rush.

Never had I seen such excited tumblebugs before. They were almost wild. They paid little heed to weeds, stones, or clods that lay in their path.

Then we saw the reason for their haste. Another pair of tumblebugs came rushing up as if in hot pursuit of petty thieves. The first two had stolen the ball and were

attempting a quick getaway. They might have succeeded if they hadn't become excited.

As the pursuers overtook the culprits, they each grabbed a victim. Two wrestling matches, punctuated with biting and pinching, were under way.

The pursuers won the first round, left the thieves on their backs struggling to get up, while they pushed the prized ball ahead some 12 inches.

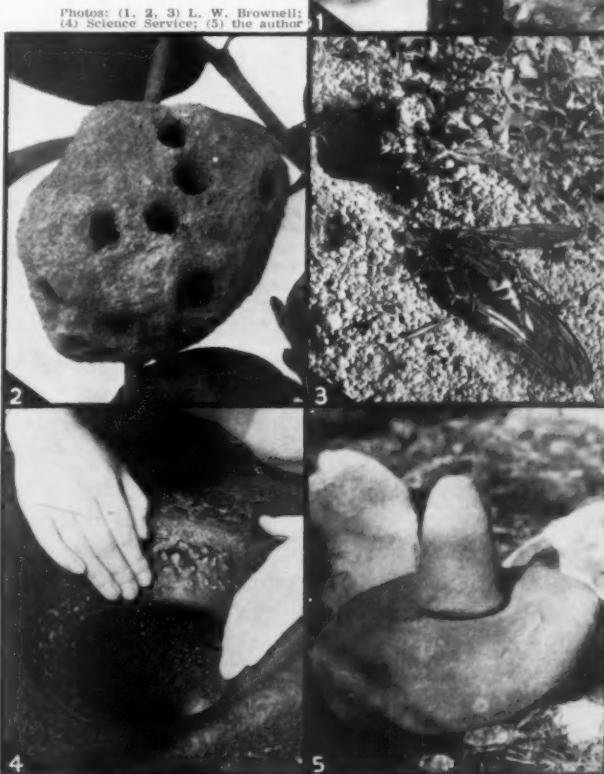
But the culprits were not counted out. In another instant they had overtaken their rivals, tackled them, and started the fight all over again. They repossessed the ball and pushed it off in another direction.

"Nature's football game," I shouted. "I'll bet here was where man got the idea for that game."

"I don't know about that," my friend admitted. "But I can say that you have witnessed Nature's original demonstration of the principle of the wheel. It took many ages for man to copy that, and not until then did we make rapid strides in civilization and industry."

Walking home, thinking over the demonstrations I had seen of Nature giving ideas to man, I kept repeating in my mind, "Man is a copyist."

*Nests of potter wasps  
(1) may have suggested  
pottery making to early  
man. Mason wasps also  
make "pottery" nests  
(2). This digger wasp  
(3) has skilfully "an-  
esthetized" the cicada  
it takes to its home. A  
natural pothole (4) is  
Nature's model for the  
mortar and pestle (5).*



Photos: (1, 2, 3) L. W. Brownell;  
(4) Science Service; (5) the author

# The ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by  
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## Editorial Comment

### Meet the Committeeen

**I**N 1905 there was but one Rotary Club in the world. Thirty-four years later there are more than 4,900, with a membership which last year passed the 200,000 mark.

Obviously, the mechanics of keeping so large, so diversified a group united in organization and in ideology is no small or simple matter. Thus, the Rotary world has been divided into some 150 Districts, each under the care of a Governor or Representative. The Board of Directors of Rotary International numbers 14 members, is presided over by the President, and regularly meets at the Secretariat in Chicago, or elsewhere. Seldom in the limelight, but distinguished for their service, are the international Committees. If you would learn their personnel for this Rotary year, turn to pages 50-51.

### Rotary's 'Stepchild'

**A**LL GAUL was divided into three parts; Rotary has four. They are Club Service and Vocational Service and Community Service and International Service.

The new Rotarian has no difficulty in understanding Club Service: it has to do with his own Club and his obligations to it. Community Service and International Service are likewise self-explanatory. "But Vocational Service—what does it really mean?" is an often-asked question. And ignorance leads to ignoring, until one prominent Rotarian declared that "Vocational Service is the stepchild of Rotary."

It should not be so. Rotary's distinctive principle of selecting members is based upon vocational diversity. Problems of business ethics engaged much attention during the early years of the movement. Indeed, unbiased records disclose that Rotary efforts are, in large part, to be credited with writing or inspiring numerous codes of ethics for trades and professions. Some business historians go so far as to assert that popular interest in trade associations and the eradication of ruinous trade practices was engendered by Rotarians. Certain it is that there

has been less interest in Vocational Service in the past five years than there was during the first two decades of Rotary's existence.

To revitalize Rotary's Vocational Service program, a group of Rotarians under the leadership of Edward F. McFaddin, of Hope, Arkansas, recently met for a three-day conference. They took stock of what has been done and considered ways and means of interpreting old principles in the light of current conditions. They concluded that the best approach to an effective Vocational Service program lay through competitor relationship. Improvement of relations between and among business rivals, they agreed, would clear the tracks for solving many other problems, such as employer-employee strife, consumer service, and commodity standards.

If your Rotary Club adopts the suggestion that group made, you will soon have an opportunity to learn more about all this. The fourth week of September has been designated in the 1939-40 Rotary calendar as Vocational Service Week.

### An Inventor Competitor

**N**o DISCUSSION of competitor relations can go very far, however, without revealing the inventor or the scientist as a potential rival. It is almost the rule rather than the exception in this Golden Age of Technology that no sooner does an industry settle into orthodoxy than it is thrown into some degree of chaos by a new invention. *Vide* the locomotive and the automotive truck, cotton and rayon, rubber and plastics, the paper industry and slash pine. This year the newspaper industry, says Silas Bent in his article in this issue, faces the new competition of the facsimile newspaper.

Here is a device that puts a newspaper (or any other printed or pictorial matter) on the air waves, sends it to a receiving set in your parlor or bedroom, there reproducing the original "copy." Manufacturers promise soon to put sets within the reach of most pocketbooks.

Should this happen and should facsimile transmission reach the perfection its sponsors predict, what will be its

effect on newspapers—metropolitan, middle town, rural? Will we one day soon receive most of our national and overseas news by facsimile, leaving only the field of local news to the newspaper as we know it? Will newspaper "chains" use facsimile to blanket 10 or 20 million readers with one everywhere-identical paper emanating from one office in the big city or the national capital? Would readers stand for it? Or would they like it?

And so the questions pile up . . . and up. Will newspapers as a group fight facsimile as they did radio, or will they adopt it as the stupendous cost saver Mr. Bent says it can become for them? Or is facsimile a "flash in the pan" that will exit as quickly as it entered?

This much is certain: If and when public demand for facsimile reaches the peak its promoters anticipate, hundreds of Rotarian newspaper publishers will find themselves in the thick of things. Against the eventuality they are perhaps even now preparing their minds, each according to his lights. And each will arrive at his own answer by way of this question he will put to himself: "How can I best serve my readers?"

## Jules Verne and Rotary

**T**HE WORLD snickered—or held its breath—70 years ago when from the fertile mind of Jules Verne came the idea of a traveller encircling the globe in 80 days. But such trips in a fraction of that time are now a commonplace, with regular airplane service across both the Atlantic and the Pacific. And but a few short months ago, Rotary's then President George C. Hager was skittering over South America doing in a few weeks a Rotary mission which in another day would have taken months. Rotary cannot elect two Presidents. With airplanes to command, there is no need for it, although the sun never sets on a Rotary Club.

If you are interested in the subject, turn to *Rivals of the Condor*, starting on page 31. It sketches the experience of a Rotary representative as he hopped from Club to Club over the Continent. His story could have been footnoted with remarks made at the Cleveland Convention by a Brazilian District Governor. He told how he can now, within an afternoon, reach a Club far up the Amazon, whereas in the old days by using boat and other conveyances, he would have had a hard week.

## Attention! Attendance

**R**EMAIN on those Rotary Committees!" says Donald A. Laird. It's one item in his prescription for keeping old age from becoming crabbed. The full formula appears elsewhere in this issue. What the psychologist implies is that in such a Committee meeting, or in your Rotary Club's luncheon, is generated a fellowship that buoys the spirit—with just about the right frequency.

Take your Club's weekly dinner. Fellowship flows freely here because no better catalyst of good humor

exists than a good meal. Oriental peoples took cognizance of that fact and held that when enemies broke bread together, they were no longer enemies.

Rotary's stress on attendance is probably nothing more than to remind the Rotarian that unless he turns up at the Such-and-Such Hotel once a week, he will miss partaking of and contributing to one of the simplest yet pleasantest pleasures he knows. Certainly some Rotarians—particularly new members—object to the element of compulsion in Rotary attendance, but almost always, after a year or two in their Club, they find themselves taking pride in beating the minimum requirement month after month.

If you, as an individual Rotarian, find the rewards of regular attendance pay dividends far beyond a pretty record in your Club Secretary's books, you may soon have opportunity to voice that view to your Club—for in the first week of October, Rotary is to observe Attendance Week, when hundreds of Clubs will honor record holders and weigh the whole matter of Rotary Club attendance. What can the individual Rotarian do to observe Attendance Week? Attend!

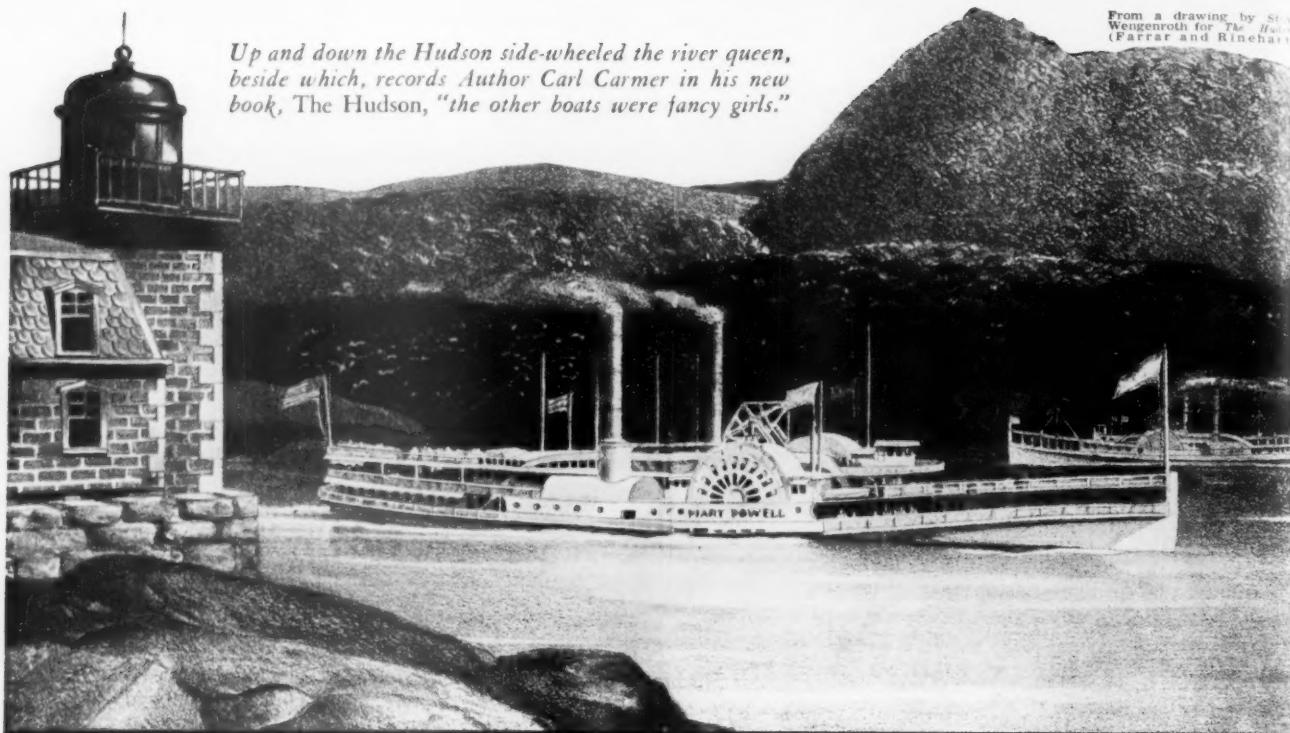
## The Trouble with Truth

**T**HE WORLD snickered—or held its breath—70 years ago when from the fertile mind of Jules Verne came the idea of a traveller encircling the globe in 80 days. But such trips in a fraction of that time are now a commonplace, with regular airplane service across both the Atlantic and the Pacific. And but a few short months ago, Rotary's then President George C. Hager was skittering over South America doing in a few weeks a Rotary mission which in another day would have taken months. Rotary cannot elect two Presidents. With airplanes to command, there is no need for it, although the sun never sets on a Rotary Club.

If you are interested in the subject, turn to *Rivals of the Condor*, starting on page 31. It sketches the experience of a Rotary representative as he hopped from Club to Club over the Continent. His story could have been footnoted with remarks made at the Cleveland Convention by a Brazilian District Governor. He told how he can now, within an afternoon, reach a Club far up the Amazon, whereas in the old days by using boat and other conveyances, he would have had a hard week.

A youngster may break out in a rash of curiosity at any moment. His quest for knowledge is not confined to the privacy of some domestic laboratory, and it is seldom impersonal. Parson Jones' mannerisms and Aunt Lydia's hats may start inquiries shocking to conventional parents, yet prompted by the most scientific attitude.

But here's the trouble with truth: Long ago it severed all diplomatic relations with white lies and terminological inexactitudes, with prejudices and propagandas. Unfortunately few adults have followed this policy; consequently, as vigilant custodians of truth, they fall short when a child wants to know why some children must live in slums, why some children must go hungry, why some children must be targets for bombs.



From a drawing by Stew Wengenroth for *The Hudson* (Farar and Rinehart)

## May I Suggest— . . . By William Lyon Phelps

*Literary Offerings of Unusual Worth . . . with Notes on Those Who Wrote Them*

**I**N FRIDAY the second of June, 1939, I had a beautiful and memorable experience. By the kind invitation of the president of the Hudson River Day Line (Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Olcott) extended to me and my niece Lydia through my friends Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford Platt, I renewed some happy boyhood days by a steamboat excursion on the great river. For when I was 8 or 9 years old, my father used to take my brother Arthur and me from Hartford to Saratoga. We took the afternoon boat from Hartford down the Connecticut River to New York, where, arriving early in the morning, we transferred to the Hudson River steamer. Hence we went from Hartford to Albany entirely by water.

Now Rutherford Platt, seeing a lamentation in print where I wept not by the rivers of Babylon, but rather because the rivers of Babylon had lost their boats, sent me an invitation to demonstrate that however shamelessly bare might be the bosom of the Connecticut, it was still quite otherwise with the lordly Hudson. We took the *S.S. DeWitt Clinton* at the New York dock, proceeding up the river to West Point and Newburgh, returning in the afternoon by the *S.S. Robert Fulton*. Of the thousands of steamers I have seen in my long life, the old Hudson

River Day Line boats were unique in this: they were the only ones in the world where three smokestacks stood not fore and aft, but in a line from port to starboard, looking like the three musketeers. Imagine my delight when, at the dock in Newburgh, I saw coming down the river to take us, a steamer with these three gallant stacks all in a row. Sixty years left my life.

The weather was perfect, the company was perfect, and then one additional fact made the whole thing pluperfect. This was the presence in our little group of Carl Carmer, who had just completed his book *The Hudson* and was taking a businessman's holiday. He knew every inch of the east and west banks and all their historical associations. I shall always remember this excursion with delight. (Let me recommend day boats on the Hudson to all my readers.)

I have always been fanatically fond of rivers, for every river is an adventure. Hence I rejoiced when I learned a few years ago of the plan, now in process of realization, to publish a series of books on the rivers of America. The editor was Constance Lindsay Skinner; the assistant editor, Elizabeth L. Gilman; the art editor, Ruth E. Anderson. The volumes already published are *Kennebec*, *Upper Mississippi*, *Suwannee River*,

*Powder River*, *The James*, and, a few minutes ago, *The Hudson*, by Carl Carmer, author of four books that have attracted general attention.

Another fact of interest (only to me) is the first sentence in this new book: "From rocks as old as any in the world fresh waters rise into a little lake beside the highest Adirondack peak, Mount Marcy." And here I am, playing my typewriter amid these very mountains.

*The Hudson* is a volume of over 400 pages, with a magnificent index, beautifully printed and illustrated, and I am very glad to see appended Constance Skinner's essay *Rivers and American Folk*. A prefatory note states that "The editors, publishers, and writers are carrying on the series and hope it will be a fitting memorial to Constance Lindsay Skinner, who died on March 26, 1939."

I have now said so much in general of these river books that there is no space left to describe this one, but, after all, "it needs no introduction," for Mr. Carmer's name is sufficient guaranty of its value both in instruction and in entertainment.

\* \* \*

Those who were fortunate enough to see John Gielgud's Hamlet will be glad to read his autobiography, called *Early Stages*. It is always interesting to me to learn how any completely successful man

or woman emerged from obscurity; and we see in this admirable book that Mr. Gielgud, like Noel Coward, Katharine Cornell, and others, did not have an easy road to fame. What he did have from early childhood was a consuming, overwhelming passion for the theater. He was therefore wise, forsaking all others, to cling only to this profession. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Whenever it is possible, one should choose as his lifework the thing he would like to do even if it had no financial return.



John Gielgud

I speak well within the truth when I say that if some madman had given me 20 years ago one million dollars, and had then said that the only condition attached to it was that I stop working, I should immediately have returned the money. Mr. Gielgud's love of the theater kept the light burning even in the darkest times; and he tells us what those were like, in this delightful book.

\* \* \*

I take my hat off to Dan Golenpaul, the only begetter of that wonderful half hour on the radio called *Information Please*. I am told that after he had conceived this, he received little encouragement; it was thought that the vast radio public would not care for anything resembling knowledge, especially when arranged in a manner recalling painful experiences with examinations at school. However, millions regard this half hour as the best radio entertainment in America. And instead of listening passively for entertainment, the entertainment consists in the fact that millions are *actively* listening, trying to answer the questions themselves.

In order to disperse once for all the doubts that a great many have—namely,

that the show is not "on the level," but that the quartette of experts have been tipped off—let me say that the three regulars and the invited guest have not the remotest idea of what the questions are to be.

Mr. Golenpaul was clever and fortunate in picking his team of experts—Clifton Fadiman as master of ceremonies, with John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.), and Oscar Levant on the receiving end. Mr. Fadiman drives the Four Horses consummately. Mr. Kieran, sports editor of the *New York Times*, is the son of a former president of Hunter College. He was brought up on Latin and Greek; loves learning for its own sake; has an enormously wide acquaintance with the literature, ancient and modern, of many nations; and knows every athletic record since 490 B. C. Mr. Adams, also thoroughly trained in Latin (expert translator of Horace), well equipped both by knowledge and by extempore wit and humor for emergencies, adds salt to the repast; while Mr. Levant amazes us by his knowledge of music from Bach to the latest freak. Now I rejoice that Mr. Golenpaul has chosen to publish in an attractive volume called *Information Please* the questions asked during the first 35 weeks, giving the answers in the concluding part of the book, so that any individual or group may play the game, either for individual satisfaction or in competition for a prize. This book is selling by thousands, and it deserves to.

As a teacher, I have always believed in exams. And how I wish that boys and girls would enter the exam room in school and college, not with fear or like "dumb, driven cattle," but with eager anticipation; for certainly every boy loves any physical competitive exam—how hard a blow he can strike, how big a weight he can lift, how fast he can run, etc. It is a good thing every now and then to find out how much we know of a

certain subject if and when we are suddenly "held up."

\* \* \*

Everyone interested in the plays and novels and essays of J. M. Barrie ought to read a new book called *M'Connachie and J. M. B.* This consists exclusively of speeches and addresses made by the great writer. He was so shy that on every first night of one of his plays no one could discover where he was hiding; but once having tasted the delight of public speaking, and finding he could do it as originally as he wrote, he accepted so many invitations that his speeches fill an entire volume, omitting those two masterpieces, *Courage* and *The Entrancing Life*, previously published.

One of the most remarkable features of these brief addresses now for the first time published is that they were delivered to the most exacting and difficult audiences in the world. Thus not only are they filled with diverting humor, but also they are packed with ideas. One of the finest was his address to the London drama critics—can you imagine a more fastidious audience? He was more than equal to the occasion.

On one of these pages he tells an anecdote that has become famous; only if one will read the lines preparatory to it with some attention, one will see that Barrie was using his creative imagination; it never happened and never could have happened, although even during this year I have seen it quoted as fact. The anecdote is that when Stevenson and Barrie were both students at Edinburgh



Photos: Courtesy, National Broadcasting Company



The radio game, "quizzing the experts," initiated by Dan Golenpaul (above), is underway. "This evening's" board of experts: (left to right) John Kieran, Elmer Davis, Novelist Dorothy Parker, Franklin P. Adams.

University, their first meeting was a rough contact in the street. Stevenson pushed Barrie out of the way, whereupon Barrie remonstrated angrily. Stevenson then turned around, came up to Barrie, and demanded why he should show such resentment, for, after all, said Stevenson, "God made me." To which Barrie replied, "God is getting careless." Now as Stevenson was ten years older than Barrie, this story is one more proof of the latter's lively imagination.

\* \* \*

Channing Pollock, dramatist, novelist, public lecturer, radio speaker, and all-round mental athlete, has just published a little book in high-geared optimism. It is called *Adventures of a Happy Man*, and perhaps its most striking sentence is the one containing the positive statement that he has never had one hour of unhappiness in his life—exactly contrary to Dr. Johnson's remark. Mr. Pollock goes on to say that he has had innumerable troubles and difficulties and frustrations and heartbreaks, and if you want to see how he squares the two statements, you must read his book. You had better read it anyhow.\*

My own opinion is that the chief quality in Mr. Pollock's mind is not happiness but *courage*. He could not, for obvious reasons, have called his book *Adventures of a Courageous Man*, but that is an accurate description of him. For I think that readers will be impressed by his magnificent courage under conditions that were appalling. You will remember why Dr. Johnson said that courage was the foundation of all the virtues, for unless a man possessed that virtue, he had no security for possessing any other. This little book resembles Mr. Pollock's addresses—it is like a machine gun: wit, humor, epigrams, pertinent anecdotes, crackle and rattle in a combination of speed and profusion and always seem to hit the target. Such a record makes one ashamed of fear and petulance and self-pity.

\* \* \*

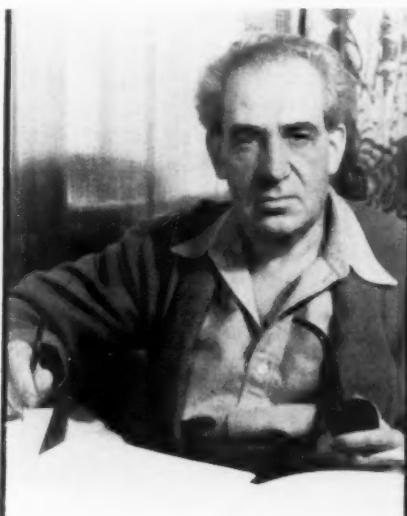
The accomplished and admirable chaplain of Princeton University, Dr. R. R. Wicks, has written a small book containing much wisdom, called *One Generation and Another*. This is good for all parents and for all their adolescent children. It is based on a wide experience of youth; and it is first (and last) aid to those who wonder how they can induce young men and maidens to become seriously interested in religion, in reading the *Bible*, in preparing them-

\* Two chapters, *The Art of Being Kind and Work Is Its Own Reward*, appeared originally in THE ROTARIAN for December, 1935, and March, 1939, respectively.

selves to become parents and useful citizens. There is nothing sanctimonious; but the simple, natural, direct style is a fitting garment for a profoundly serious body of thought.

\* \* \*

One of our foremost experts in dealing with boys is Tracy W. Redding, an



Channing Pollock—"mental athlete."

ardent Rotarian of New Haven, Connecticut. He has had, although a young man, vast experience with boys, in the cities and in Summer camps. He loves his work because he loves and understands both it and its object. I wish to call attention to his extremely valuable book, *When Home and School Get Together*, in which he lays stress on the necessary but not too common co-operation of schoolteachers and parents. The title explains its purpose; and I will add that its purpose is presented with such skill, such tact, such knowledge of human nature, such commonsense, that I wish all parents would read it.

\* \* \*

*The World Was My Garden* is a magnificent book written by an expert in the Government service, David G. Fairchild. It has been well described by a friend of mine as "the spiritual counterpart of Victor Heiser's *Odyssey*. There is always healing in trees and fruit and flowers and there is healing in this book." It can be read steadily and can also be used for daily or frequent reference, and always, not only with increase of knowledge to the reader, but also with the kind of inspiration so accurately described by James Russell Lowell in four words: *God's passionless reformers, influences.*

\* \* \*

The best new book of original verse I have read during the past month has a punning title, *Veri-Tasse*. Such is the

manner in which the author, Willard M. Grimes, recent graduate of Harvard, re-writes his alma mater's motto, *Veritas*. And although the title is significant of the humor without which no picture of life would even approach completeness, the poems are for the most part serious in conception and excellent in execution. Furthermore, they are not only verses, they are really poems, containing the authentic music of rhythm and rhyme and melody. Henry C. Kittredge, in his preface, gives a very good definition of what poetry is—so good, in fact, that I think you ought to buy the little book to find out what it is.

\* \* \*

Do any of my readers remember the late Henry Harland? He began writing tragic stories under the assumed name of Sydney Luska; later he became a Roman Catholic, and wrote a charming novel called *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, which immediately became a best seller—do you remember it? It will be worth your while to read or reread it. Well, I have just finished a thrilling murder story, *The Man in the Purple Gown*, written by John Palmer. It is a ripping mystery yarn. Not for a moment do I accuse the author of having lifted even a page from another book, for the chances are a hundred to one that he never heard of it. But his new novel reminds me of a terribly tragic psychological murder story, published in his youth by Henry Harland, and called *As It Was Written*. I suppose it is out of print, but if you can find it in a public library and your nerves are in good condition. . . .

\* \* \*

I have been asked to recommend a good juvenile book. I think the best books for children are those that were never intended for children—*The Bible*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*—but if you want something right up to date, I advise *The Child's Story of Science*, by the well-beloved columnist "Uncle Ray," whose actual name is Ramon Peyton Coffman. And even as the great classics, though not intended for children, are good for them, so this book, directly aimed at children, is good not only for them, but also for you and me.

\* \* \*

#### Books mentioned, their publishers and prices:

*The Hudson*, Carl Carmer, Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.—*Early Stages*, John Gielgud, Macmillan. \$3.—*Information Please*, Dan Golenpaul, Simon & Schuster. \$1.60.—*M'Connachie and J. M. B.* Scribner. \$2.50.—*Adventures of a Happy Man*, Channing Pollock, Crowell. \$1.50.—*One Generation and Another*, R. R. Wicks, Scribner. \$1.50.—*When Home and School Get Together*, Tracy W. Redding, Association Press. \$1.25.—*The World Was My Garden*, David G. Fairchild, Scribner. \$3.75.—*Veri-Tasse*, Willard M. Grimes, Bruce Humphries. \$1.50.—*The Man in the Purple Gown*, John Palmer, Dodd Mead. \$2.—*The Child's Story of Science*, R. P. Coffman, Putnam's. \$2.50.

# Let's Learn a Bit of Portuguese!

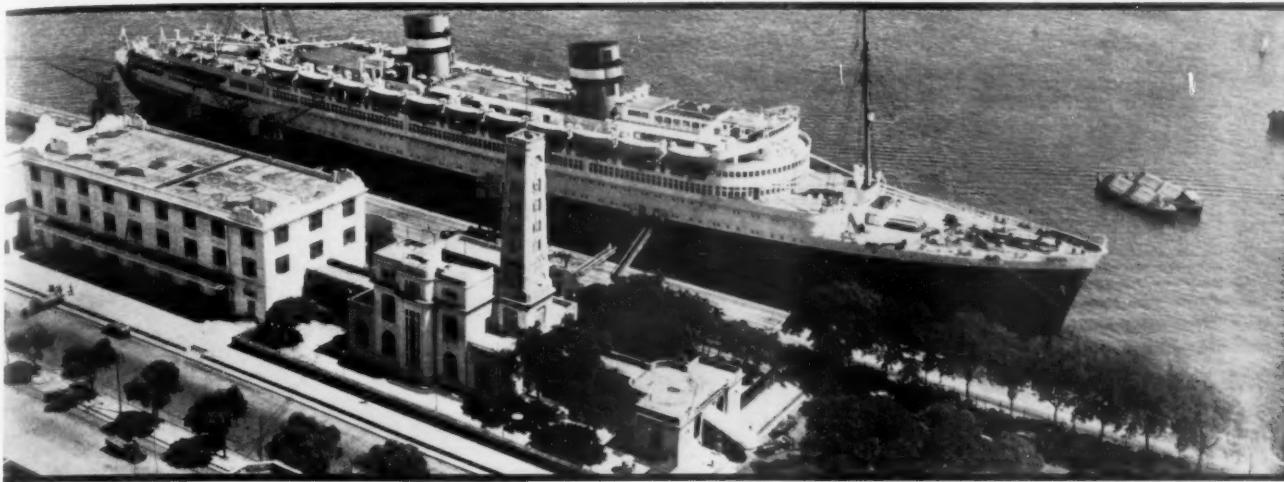


Photo: Kautmann &amp; Fabry

*The S. S. Nieuw Amsterdam docks at Rio—a scene to be reenacted when Rotary moves Brazilward next June.*

**T**

HE only page in my geography book I ever studied hard," a North American Rotarian once said to me, after he had learned that my home is in Brazil, "was a photo of the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro. If I'd spent less time wondering why they named that little mountain 'Sugar Loaf,' and more time on other pages, I would have had less explaining to do at home about my disgraceful standing in geography. But I never quite got over that picture," he concluded. "I still want to see Rio."

That man and his family and thousands of other Rotarians' families from scores of nations are going to see Rio next June when Rotary International holds its 1940 Convention in the Brazilian capital. The Cariocas are already preparing the welcome. The Cariocas, in case you are confused, are the inhabitants of the city of Rio. The term, their nickname. Hollywood titled a rhumba *The Carioca*, but, though it was a good tune, the Cariocas don't dance the Carioca. The Maxixe is their favorite.

But I'm digressing. The Cariocas, as I said, will be there to welcome you—and it will be a greeting in Portuguese, the national language. Will you, by chance, be able to reply in Portuguese? Certainly it is not necessary that you do, for many of the Cariocas can "handle" a wide assortment of languages besides their own. But what sheer sport, gentlemen, if you could step down from the gangplank, and, shaking hands on all sides, shout, "Olá, companheiros, que maravilha é o Rio!" What sport, indeed, if you hadn't given your wife any previous hint of your great gifts as a linguist. She'd be amazed, impressed, per-

## Lesson No. 1

*Here is the first in a series of lessons in the language of Rotary's 1940 Convention hosts. Make their mastery a game—and include the entire family. The lessons have been prepared*

**By Henley C. Hill**

haps even convinced that you are an astounding intellect, after all.

You can actually do something like this, I think, with very little effort. A bit of rehearsal during the next few months and you should be able, using Portuguese, to greet, interrogate, or thank your new friends, direct cab drivers, order meals, get a "light," the time of day, or a good story.

So let's start our Portuguese now. There follows here the first lesson of a series which will continue in the next eight issues of *THE ROTARIAN*. The instruction is simple, aims only to give you a feeling for the language and a skeleton vocabulary. Do not let the section on pronunciation dampen your ardor to learn Portuguese. Jump down to one of the practice sentences first, if you wish, and note how famously you get along with it. Then go back. You may wish to clip each lesson and prepare a booklet of the series. With this under your arm, you should be able to navigate many a conversational predicament Rio might present you. The Cariocas will wait, patient and smiling, while you grope for just the right word. So, "Boa sorte!" That, pupils, means "Good luck!"

**Pronunciation**—All letters in a word are sounded, with a few exceptions which will be explained below.

The vowels in Portuguese are:

*a—ah*—as in father  
*e—eh*—as in fit; *é—éh*—as in Ella  
*i—ee*—as in police  
*o—oh*—as in over; *ó—aw*—as in awful  
*u—oo*—as in moon  
*y—ee*—as in body

When two or more vowels occur in succession, they are sounded, not as in English, but as individual letters—e.g., "meia"—meh'-ee-ah (stocking; half); "quanto"—kwahn'-toh (how much). Usually the *u* is silent in the syllables *gue*, *gui*, *que*, *qui*.

**Consonants** are as in English, except:

*g*—before *e* or *i* has the sound of *j*—e.g., "gente"—jen'-teh (people). When followed by *u*, it is sounded as *g* in give—e.g., "guia"—gee'-ah (guide); but note: "guarda"—guh-ahr'dah (guard).

*h*—silent, except when preceded by *c* or *s*, in which case it is sounded as *sh* in English, and except when preceded by *l* or *n*. The digraph *lh* is sounded as the Spanish *ll* and Italian *gl*—e.g., "olhar"—oh-lyahr' (to look). The digraph *nh* is sounded as the Spanish *ñ* and French *gn*—e.g., "senhor"—seh-nyohr' (mister; sir).

*j*—as *s* in measure.

*r*—soft between vowels—e.g., "caro"—cah'-roh (dear; expensive); otherwise it is trilled—e.g., "Rio"—hrree'oh, "carro"—cah'rroh (car).

*x*—sounded as *sh* in English—e.g., "queixa"—kay'-shah (complaint); as *c*—e.g., "próximo"—proh'-cee-moh (next); as *z*—e.g., "exato"—eh-zah'-toh (exact); also, as *s* and *ks*.

**Accents**: The accented syllable in Portuguese is usually the one next to the last, except when the word ends in *l* or *r*, in which case the accented syllable is the last one. Certain accents and diacritical marks are used to modify this rule, and also to change the sound of a letter.

acute accent (')—used over a vowel to indicate an accented syllable—e.g., "está"—ehs-tah' (is); also to indicate a long vowel—e.g., "fóra"—faw'-rah (outside).

tilde (~) used only over *a* or *o* to produce

a nasal sound—e.g., “são” (*are; saint*)—the “ão” is sounded as *ou* in *out*, spoken through the nose. There is no equivalent sound in English, and it is suggested that the student resort to a practice for which he may have been reprimanded in school—talking through his nose. Other cases: “mãe” (*mother*)—“ae” as *ie* in *die* (*nasal*), and “botões” (*buttons*)—“õe” as *orn* in *corn* (*nasal*). Because of the impossibility of representing in English the sound of a diphthong containing a tilde, such syllables will appear in the phonetic representation of the practice sentences with the tilde in its proper place to indicate a nasal sound. cedilla (ç)—used to make the *c* sound like *s*—e.g., “façada”—“fah-sah'-dah” (*façade*).

### Practice Sentences

We are now entering the Bay of Guanabara.  
*Agóra entramos na Baía de Guanabara.*  
*Ah-gaw'-rah ehn-trah'-mohs nah bah-ee'-ah*  
*deh gwah-nah-bah'-rah.*

Here is our customs declaration.  
*Aquí está a nossa declaração aduaneira.*  
*Ah-kee' ehs-tah' ah naw'-sah deh-clah-rah-*  
*são' ah-doo-ah-nay'-rah.*

How much is the duty?

*Quanto são os direitos?*

**Kwahn'-toh são ohs dee-ray'-tohs?**

The customs officer has already inspected our luggage.

*O conferente da alfandega já examinou a nossa bagagem.*

**Oh cohn-feh-rehn'teh dah ahl-fahn'-deh-gah jah eh-zah-mee-no' ah naw'-sah bah-gah'-jehm.**

What must we do now?

*Que temos que fazer agóra?*

**Keh teh'-mohs keh fah-zehr' ah-gaw'-rah?**

Where can we find a porter?

*Onde podemos encontrar um carregador?*

**Ohn'-deh poh-deh'-mohs ehn-cohn-trahr' oom cah-reh-gah-dohr?**

Please call a porter.

*Faça o favor de chamar um carregador.*

**Fah'-sah oh fah-vohr' deh shah-mahr' oom cah-reh-gah-dohr'.**

Where is our luggage?

*Onde está a nossa bagagem?*

**Ohn'-deh ehs-tah' ah naw-sah bah-gah'-jehm?**

Porter, please carry this bag.

*Carregador, faça o favor de levar esta maleta.*

**Cah-reh-gah-dohr', fah'-sah oh fah-vohr' deh leh-vahr' ehs'-tah mah-leh'-tah.**

I want a taxicab.

*Quero um taxi.*

**Keh'roh oom tah'-ksi.**

We are going to the Hotel \_\_\_\_\_.

*Vamos ao Hotel \_\_\_\_\_.*

**Vah'-mohs ah'-oh oh-tehl' \_\_\_\_\_.**

For those who want to make a more thorough study of the Portuguese language, the following books are available:

*Portuguese-English, Engl.-Port. Vest Pocket Dictionary*, by Hill. David McKay Co., 604 S. Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 50c. *Portuguese Grammar*, by Hills, Ford, and Coutinho, D. C. Heath & Co., 1815 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill. \$2.52.

*Hugo's Portuguese Simplified*. G. E. Stechert & Co., New York. \$1.20.

*Portuguese Grammar*, by J. C. Branner. Henry Holt & Co., 257 Fourth Ave., New York. \$2.



*Rotarian Whilton surrounded by his extensive collection of California wild life.*

## The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

*A Corner Devoted to the Hobbies of Rotarians and Their Families*

**H**UNTING for the mere sport of killing gives only a fleeting pleasure, believes ROTARIAN EMERY M. WHILTON, Tulare, Calif., and cannot compare with the lasting satisfaction of collecting wild life for display and study. A keen hunter, his private museum exhibits the specimens he has obtained. More than a display, it is designed to make understandable the need for intelligent conservation of wild-life resources. The following facts about this interesting hobby have been furnished by Hasmig Stepanian.

For 30 years ROTARIAN WHILTON has made it his hobby to collect the birds and animals of his State—California. From the high mountains, merciless deserts, and green valleys he has obtained specimens ranging from grizzly bears, most ferocious of all American animals, to tiny hummingbirds. He has about everything in between, finely mounted, in what some consider the finest private collection of California natural history.

Five years ago ROTARIAN WHILTON began to gather examples of all the flowers in the State, obtaining the specimens from sea level to timber line.

A part of his collection of animals, birds, and flowers is displayed in his hotel in Tulare. Perhaps the most striking specimen in the lobby is the excellently mounted rare tule elk, standing as monarch of the museum. Behind it, on the wall, hangs a huge polar-bear skin. From above, on a balcony, a mountain lion, jaws agape, stands forever snarling. A condor with nine-foot wing spread seems ready for flight from atop a showcase near-by. A long-legged wading bird guards a stairway. Around the walls, squirrels, rabbits, badgers, wolverines, foxes, and small birds are displayed in lifelike positions in showcases. Some are shown in striking action poses. Somewhere in the room one will find almost any animal he is likely ever to see in California.

Among the 600 birds, one sees many tropical specimens feathered in flaming reds, brilliant greens. Ground fowl, like woodcocks, grouse, and pheasants, are more modest in their coloring. Birds of prey, represented by the hawks and eagles, are armed with wicked beaks and cruel talons designed for tearing flesh. Also there are sea birds, like the albatross, boobies, terns, and gulls, whose natural wont is to wing

their ways gracefully over the vast ocean wastes.

This is a hobby which is pleasantly shared with others. Visitors learn the scientific names, the habits, and the natural history of the animals. More than that, ROTARIAN WHILTON's favorite speaking theme is "conservation," and he uses his experience and his museum to preach the need for careful and unrelenting preservation of natural resources and wild life. In this way his years of hunting have served a useful purpose. His work has saved much animal life from wanton destruction.

Lost dogs, stray dogs, hungry dogs—the pedigree and the mongrels alike—have a friend in ROTARIAN GAYLORD M. UPTEGRAFF, of Niagara Falls, N. Y. He has done so much for dogs by developing the services performed by the Niagara County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that the Niagara Falls *Gazette* has praised him for this work in its editorial columns.

"He is now offering a county-wide service with well-equipped trucks, competent employees, and a home for the Society's work," said the editorial. "We have spoken of this service as Mr. UPTEGRAFF's rather than of the S.P.C.A. because Mr. UPTEGRAFF has performed 95 percent of the work and has had 100 percent of the grief. It's his hobby, and may he ride it long and well."

### What's Your Hobby?

*If you wish to win friends and influence people to enjoy your hobby, ask THE GROOM to list your name and hobby here—it's free. By that simple twist of the wrist, other Rotarians or members of their families can get in touch with you—and you with them.*

**Writing:** Robert E. Crump (contributes special articles to local newspaper), Monticello, Ark., U.S.A.

**Fossils:** F. W. Allen (interested in prehistoric reptilian remains and fossils in general), Dagenham, England.

**Horticulture:** A. V. Batley (interested in American horticulture), Central Park House, Dagenham, England.

**Bees:** R. Keith Larzelere (interested in bees), Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

**Match Covers:** Lester P. Jones (collects paper match covers and will exchange duplicates), 462 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

**Radio:** T. J. Fitzsimmons (interested in short-wave amateur radio), P.O. Box 341, Carlsbad, N. Mex., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

# As the Wheel Turns

Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest

**MASCOT.** The new Rotary Club of Chengtu, China, has a mascot. It's a baby giant panda. Attending the Club's charter night in a luxurious black and white fur, the charming creature was christened "Bao Beh"—but only after considerable balloting on possible names. Chengtu Rotarians may smile a bit at the fuss North Americans make over the panda. The animal isn't quite so common on Chengtu streets as the wire-haired terrier in Toledo, but there have been as many as six of them in town—in cages—at once. And more of them roam the bamboo brakes not so far away. The name of the Chengtu Club's weekly bulletin is, of all things, *The Panda*.

**Technique.** Miss a meeting of the Rotary Club of Greenville, S. C., and next day the mail brings you a postcard saying you were sorely missed and advising you of near-by Clubs where you can "make up." But not only this. A "bombardment" of telephone calls or of telegrams (if you are out of town) hails down on you. The Attendance Committee would like very much to see you "make up." Application of this technique—basically all good fun—brought the 137-member Club a 100 percent meeting recently—to achieve which it "wired" make-up reminders to members who were in Arkansas, New York, and Alabama, and to one member in South Carolina.

**Same Technique?** While they didn't say, the Rotary Clubs of Watertown, N. Y., and Phoenix, Ariz., may have reached their recent high attendance averages by means similar to those of the Greenville Club (see item above). At any rate the 151 members of the Watertown Club turned in a 100 percent attendance for June; Phoenix, with 128 members, had three perfect meetings in the month preceding.

**To a Lonely Isle.** Down in the South Atlantic is "the loneliest island on earth," barely accessible Tristan da Cunha. But the small colony of inhabitants thereon had a gala day some months ago. A raft came ashore bearing bales of cloth, oars, coffee, lipstick, sugar, powder puffs, paint, et cetera. It had come from the *R. M. S. Carinthia*, then on a round-Africa cruise, as a gift from an impromptu service club organized aboard by ROTARIAN HAROLD O.

Photo: Dudley Studio



Winner of a year's scholarship in art at a State college, presented by the Rotary Club of Alpine, Texas, is Miss Sarah Tennant, shown beside her painting of St. Helena Canyon on the Rio Grande.

WRIGHT, of Niagara Falls, N. Y. The shipboard club—embracing Rotarians, Kiwanians, and others—promoted the gift, received donations from hundreds of passengers. To the best of his knowledge, ROTARIAN WRIGHT organized the first shipboard service club—this on the *Coronis* in the Mediterranean in 1918.

**Rotary on the Radio.** Radio listeners in Lebanon, Palestine, and Egypt should, by this time, have gained a clearer understanding of Rotary's aims, for several radio stations in these countries were scheduled to broadcast a number of talks on the movement during the past Summer months. Prepared in Arabic, English, or French by Rotarians in the region, the talks were to be read from 1,000-word manuscripts entered in a contest initiated by FRANCIS A. KETTANEH, of Beirut, Lebanon, new Governor of District 83. The best article was to win £20, second best £10, the prizes being offered by GOVERNOR KETTANEH.

**Authors.** Among Rotarian authors whose new books are now available on the counters of most bookshops is ROTARIAN ISIDORE WITMARK, of New York. His compendious *From Ragtime to Swingtime* (which he co-authored with Isaac Goldberg) is, as the title implies, a history of the evolution of modern popular music with biographical notes on many of its makers. Publisher is Lee Furman; price, \$3.50. . . . A pamphlet of interest not only to medical men, but also to lay readers is *Medical Opinions on War*, by ROTARIAN DR. J. ROORDA, of Haarlem, The Netherlands.

**At the New York Fair.** If you attend the New York World's Fair, you will find it convenient to maintain your Rotary attendance record. During the Fair the Rotary Club of Queens Borough meets at noon on Tuesdays at the Schaefer Center Restaurant on the Fair grounds. Five other Clubs of Greater New York are assisting Queens Rotarians in this project.

**Honors.** Recently appointed associate commissioner of labor and industry for Massachusetts was ROTARIAN LEWIS R. HOVEY, publisher of Haverhill and Beverly and a member of the Rotary Club in the former city. . . . When PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR ROBERT C. TURNBULL, of Bath, N. Y., reached the 50th milestone of his banking career, his Rotary Club honored him at a luncheon meeting and presented him with a souvenir fountain pen. . . . When its charter member M. A. MORTENSEN retired from business as a newspaper editor and also



Photo: Scott Soopers

*Beside Bermudian palms meet two father-and-son pairs of the Rotary Club of Hamilton: (left to right) Dudley Spurling and his father, Sir Stanley; J. W. Young and son John.*

from Club membership, the Rotary Club of Minden, Nebr., honored him at a meeting, citing particularly his ten years of service as a Scoutmaster, his almost perfect attendance record, and his 13 years of reporting Club activities in his paper. . . . ROTARIAN GEORGE G. COBEAN, of Chicago, Ill., is current president of the National Paper Trade Association.

**Convention Echoes.** Even as many a Rotary family is still chatting about Rotary's Cleveland Convention, so is your scribe. There follow here seven items to be added to longer reports on the week in the July and August ROTARIAN:

**Cuban Specials.** The largest Cuban delegation ever to attend a Rotary Convention, 86 Rotarians and their guests, registered at Cleveland. Most of the number made the long trip in two special motor busses. Largely responsible for arranging the trip was PAST GOVERNOR DR. RAMON LORENZO, of District 25 (Cuba).

**Indivisible Alamo.** Wherever you saw a Texan—and a lot of them were at the Convention—you probably found, say, a New Englander incredulously listening to tales of Texas' immense size. That State is roughly 800 miles north and south, 800 miles east and west. When admitted to the Union, provision was made for creation of five States—sometime. "Yes, we could do it," said FRANK S. ROBERTS, of Breckenridge. "We have had plans worked out to divide up our land, our rivers, and our cities. But there's the Alamo. How could we divide that?"

**Art Custodian.** Art of several sorts interests ROTARIAN LOUIS J. RICHARDS, of Tarpon Springs, Fla. As a clergyman, he deals with the art of living—but, avocationally speaking, he's the keeper of some very fine oil paintings. "In the first three months of this year," he said at Cleveland, "22,000 people visited a little art gallery we have in our church." What they came to see are ten canvases by George Inness, Jr., late famous painter-son of the famous painter; the canvases, a sequence of subjects striking the modern note in religious art, were given to the church by their creator, a former member. A half-hour lecture on the paintings accompanies the tour—and sometimes ROTARIAN RICHARDS

delivers it himself. "Come in any afternoon of the week from 3 to 5," he invited. If you accept, remember it's the Universalist Church.

**Puts Houses Up.** If any other Conventioner had the classification "public housing," RAY O. EDWARDS, of Jacksonville, Fla., didn't know about him. He himself was the first to hold it, and, as far as he knows, only one other Rotarian now enjoys it. ROTARIAN EDWARDS (who, by the way, was Chairman of the vocational craft assembly on government service) is in charge of the Federal Housing Authority in his city, where the United States Government has built many "row houses," as he calls them—long, airy aisles of houses built wall to wall, but having private front and back lawns and porches—"and no neighbors upstairs."

**The Week in a Book.** The *Proceedings of the 30th Annual Convention of Rotary International*—all that happened at Cleveland compressed between the blue linen covers of a trim volume—are off the press and in the hands of many Rotarians. Full text of plenary sessions, reports of assemblies, photos of Rotary's new Officers, Committeemen, and District Governors, and a generous assortment of other photographs make the book a valuable record of the 1939



Flags of all nations represented by visitors to Rotary's Central Office fly over the reception desk—nine of them during the recent Board meeting.

Convention. Each Rotary Club receives one copy gratis. Individuals may obtain it for \$2 per copy, ordering it through the Central Office of the Secretariat in Chicago.

**Cambridges.** There must be something in the name "Cambridge" to unite men. Five Rotary Clubs exist in towns of that name—in England, Ohio, Massachusetts, Maryland, and Nebraska. One hundred and ten Rotarians and wives from various Cambridges met at a banquet during the 1939 Convention, and perfected a loose organization looking forward to similar reunions at future Conventions. W. G. WOLFE, of the Rotary Club of Cambridge, Ohio, was elected president of the group.

**Cleveland in Motion.** The ubiquitous gentlemen with the battery of floodlights and the movie camera who popped in at plenary sessions, assemblies, dinners, dances, and on excursion boats did their work well and the result—the official film of Rotary's 1939 Convention—is now ready for distribution among Rotary Clubs throughout the world. Requests for the film, the use of which is free to Clubs except for one-way transportation charges, are to be directed to the Central Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International.

**Family Pairs.** One-eighth of the membership (143) of the Rotary Club of Erie, Pa., is included in the Club's extra-large group of father-and-son combinations. But why be statistical?



Photos: (1) Graden; (5) P. Clark

*More Rotary Club father-and-son combinations, these from opposite ends of the earth: (from left to right) Gunnar and Nils Dahlquist, of Hudiksvall, Sweden; Milton S. and Milton C. Gunn, of Helena, Mont.; Wells and E. J. Brumley, of the Dandenong and Warrnambool, Australia, Rotary Clubs, respectively.*

Why not simply say the Erie Club has nine pairs of fathers and sons, and then introduce them to you, in the photo below, thus: (each son stands behind his father and is named first, reading from left to right) T. A. and R. L. ROGERS; H. A. and B. W. SWEET; O. C. MEYER, JR. and SR.; J. R. and J. B. DWYER; C. G. and C. A. KEIM; G. C. and D. C. MILLOY; M. H. ROWLEY, JR. and SR.; G. J. and J. J. MEAD; R. M. and J. BURTON.

**Committees.** WALTER D. HEAD, President of Rotary International for 1939-40, has announced the following Committees for the current Rotary year. The Chairman in each case is the member first named:

**Aims and Objects**—Richard H. Wells (hardware retailing), P. O. Box 1152, Pocatello, Idaho, U.S.A.  
**Club Service**—Arthur S. Fitzgerald (chartered accounting service), Canada Bldg., Windsor, Ont., Canada; *Alternate*: Wm. McC. Paxton (marine hardware wholesale), 64 Commercial Pl., Norfolk, Va., U.S.A.

**Community Service**—T. J. Rees (education—general administration), Education Dept., The Guildhall, Swansea, Wales; *Alternate*: Carl E. Bolte (flour milling), Slater, Mo., U.S.A.

**Vocational Service**—Guy Gundaker (honorary member), Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.; *Alternate*: C. Wm. Schneider (printing), 208 S. Sharp St., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

**International Service**—Daniel de Jongh Wzn (engineering—efficiency engineer), de Hoochweg 122, Rotterdam, The Netherlands; *Alternate*: Emile Couibes (cements), 2, rue Childebert, Lyon, France.

**Finance**—Lewis A. Hird (worsted piece goods manufacturing), 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., U.S.A.; Hugh Butler (grain distributing), 516-521 Grain Exchange Bldg., Omaha, Nebr., U.S.A.; Fred K. Jones (trustee properties management), Hyde Bldg., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.; C. J. Steiger (overseas trade), Seegartenstrasse 2, Zurich, Switzerland; Almon E. Roth (associations-employers' council), 114 Samson St. (mail address: 462 Santa Teresa, Stamford University, Calif.), San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.

**Investment**—J. Edd McLaughlin (banking), Security State Bank and Trust Co., Ralls, Tex., U.S.A.; Rufus F. Chapin (past service), 1320 North State St., Apartment A1, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Lewis A. Hird (worsted piece goods manufacturing), 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Magazine**—Clinton F. Karstaedt (newspaper publishing), 413-17 Pleasant St. (mail address: P. O. Box 741), Beloit, Wis., U.S.A.; Richard R. Currie (auctioneering services—fixed property), P. O. Box 614, Johannesburg, South Africa; Stanley C. Forbes (automobile distributing), 48-66 Darling St. (mail address: 40 Lorne Crescent), Brantford, Ont., Canada; G. Ramirez Brown (corporation law practice), Managua, Nicaragua; J. Raymond Tiffany (corporation law practice), Hoboken, N. J., U.S.A.

**Nominating Committee for President of R. I.**—T. A. Warren (education—administration), Education Office, Wolverhampton England; Jean Appleton (education—law), 99, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, France; W. Allan Eley (life insurance), Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, Singapore, Straits Settlements; Charles Wm. O'Neill (accounting service), Duncan, B. C., Canada; Elbridge W. Palmer (book manufacturing), Kingsport Press, Inc., Kingsport, Tenn., U.S.A.; Frank Phillips (apiculture), Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., U.S.A.; G. Ramirez Brown (corporation law practice), Managua, Nicaragua; Charles Reeve Vanneman (public utility engineering), 555 Providence St., Albany, N. Y., U.S.A.; Bruce Williams (analytical chemistry), 620 Joplin St. (mail address: P. O. Box 264), Joplin, Mo., U.S.A.

**Extension**—Harold I. Covault (insurance—casualty), 201 Cleveland Trust Bank Bldg., Lorain, Ohio, U.S.A.; Armando Hamel (insurance—casualty), Banderia 140 (mail address: Casilla 1051), Santiago, Chile; F. E. James (planters' association), 200 Mount Road, Madras, India; James P. Ryan (electrical contracting), 10 High St., Wanstead, London E. 11, England; Carl Harald Trolle (commercial banking), Storgatan 16, Kalmar, Sweden.

**Regional Extension Committees**—USCNB: Harold I. Covault (insurance—casualty), 201 Cleveland Trust Bank Bldg., Lorain, Ohio, U.S.A.; Porter W. Carswell (cotton growing), Waynesboro, Ga., U.S.A.; John M. Feller (lumber retailing), Sixth and Cherokee Sts., Leavenworth, Kans., U.S.A.

**CENAEM**: Carl Harald Trolle (commercial banking), Storgatan 16, Kalmar, Sweden; Ivan Slokar (commercial banking), Miklosiceva c. 10, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia; Andre Pons (notary), 54, rue Houles, Mazamet, France.

**Convention**—Fernando Carbajal (civil engineering), Wiese Bldg., 210 (mail address: P. O. Box 315), Lima, Peru; Ernesto Santos Bastos (corks manufacturing), Rue Victor Cordon 27-19, Lisbon, Portugal; Joaquin Serratos Cibils (pass service), Calle Rio Branco 1430, Montevideo, Uruguay; Charles Reeve Vanneman (public utility engineering), 555 Providence St., Albany, N. Y., U.S.A.; Richard H. Wells (hardware retailing), P. O. Box 1152, Pocatello, Idaho, U.S.A.; Julio Zetina (radio—commercial advertising), Avenida Juarez 88, Mexico City, Mexico.

**Transportation for 1940 Convention**—Charles Reeve Vanneman (public utility engineering), 555 Providence St., Albany, N. Y., U.S.A.; C. Edgar Dreher (building materials distributing), 122 North California Ave., Atlantic City, N. J., U.S.A.; Winthrop R. Howard (screw anchors distributing), 98 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Conference Group to Consider Need of Survey of Rotary International**—Past Presidents Paul P. Harris, Chicago, Ill.; Glenn C. Mead, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank L. Mulholland, Toledo, Ohio; Allen D. Albert, Paris, Ill.; Crawford C. McCullough, Fort William, Ont., Canada; Will R. Manier, Jr., Nashville, Tenn.

**Youth**—Tom J. Davis (general law practice), 6013 Metal's Bank Bldg., Butte, Mont., U.S.A.; Howell G. Evans (drafting furniture manufacturing), Two Rivers, Wis., U.S.A.; Doane R. Farr (motor freight lines), 101 E. Choctaw, Clinton, Okla., U.S.A.; Chas. S. Lemons (furniture retailing), Blytheville, Ark., U.S.A.; Carl L. Millward (educating public schools), Central Grammar School Bldg., Milton, Pa., U.S.A.

**Constitution and By-Laws**—Norman Sommerville

*And yet more Rotary father-and-son pairs, these nine in Erie, Pa. (see item).*

Photo: Frank Schaeble



(law practice—counsel), Temple Building, Bay and Richmond Sts., Toronto, Ont., Canada; Francis B. Dunn (civil law practice), P. O. Box 717, Port Arthur, Tex., U.S.A.; Chas. W. Pettengill (civil law practice), Smith Building (mail address: P. O. Box 1250), Greenwich, Conn., U.S.A.

**Executive Committee:** Walter D. Head (education—private schools), 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Frank Phillips (apiculture), Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., U.S.A.; George C. Hager (building materials distributing), 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Elbridge W. Palmer (book manufacturing), Kingsport Press, Inc., Kingsport, Tenn., U.S.A.; George O. Spencer (drug retailing), P. O. Box 24, Moncton, N. B., Canada.

**Admission of Clubs**—Charles N. Cadwallader (furs retailing), 129 South 12th St., Lincoln, Nebr., U.S.A.; Jerzy Loty (economic geography), Wiejska 19 m. 4, Warsaw, Poland.

**Redistricting Committee for USCNB**—Roy J. Weaver (automobiles—wholesale), 246 Dunsmore Ave., Pueblo, Colo., U.S.A.; Charles N. Cadwallader (furs retailing), 129 South 12th St., Lincoln, Nebr., U.S.A.; J. Edd McLaughlin (banking), Security State Bank and Trust Co., Ralls, Tex., U.S.A.

**Rotary Observance Week**—Allen L. Oliver (corporation law practice), 402-407 H-H Bldg., Cape Girardeau, Mo., U.S.A.; William M. Brandon (communication—radio service), 1002 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.; Joel C. Harris, Jr. (national new-paper advertising), 1003 Glenn Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.

**I.A.L.A. Conference**—Lester W. Elias (children's vehicles distributing), 666 Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Winthrop R. Howard (screw anchors distributing), 98 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y., U.S.A.; Georges Robert Lefort (fine arts), Boulevard de la Gare, Giungamp (Cotes-du-Nord), France (member, Rotary Club of Saint-Brieux, France); W. F. R. Mills (honorary), 1253 Race St., Denver, Colo., U.S.A.; Henry P. Porter (printing—general), 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.; Herbert Schofield (education—colleges), Loughborough College, Loughborough, England.

**Canadian Advisory Committee**—Charles Wm. O'Neill (accounting service), Duncan, B. C., Canada; Norman T. Avard (coal mining), Maritime Coal Railway and Power Co., Amherst, N. S., Canada; Percy Reed (government services—administration), Parliament Bldgs., Regina, Sask., Canada; Douglas Stevenson (life insurance), S. L. Bldg., Frontenac St., Sherbrooke, Que., Canada; Geoffrey A. Wheable (education—public schools), Board of Education, City Hall, London, Ont., Canada.

**Rotary Foundation Trustees**—Glenn C. Mead (general law practice), 818 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.; Maurice Duperrey (abrasives manufacturing), 19, rue de Paradis, Paris, France; Russell F. Greiner (lithographing), 2609 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.; Robert E. Lee Hill (education—universities), 217 Jesse Hall, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., U.S.A.; Ed. R. Johnson (past service), 609-614 Liberty Trust Bldg., Roanoke, Va., U.S.A.

**South American Committee**—Fernando Carbajal (civil engineering), Wiese Building, 210 (mail address: P. O. Box 315), Lima, Peru; Cesar V. Anzola (sporting goods retailing), Apartado Postal No. 207, Caracas, Venezuela; Juan Mar. Boettner (radiology), Pte. Eligio Ayala 468, Asuncion, Paraguay; Herbert P. Coates (typewriters), Sarandi 461 (mail address: Casilla 49), Montevideo, Uruguay; Manuel Gaete Falgalde (notary public), Calle de Huerfanos 1235 (mail address: Casilla 3113), Santiago, Chile; Federico Martins (past service member), Avenida 16 de Julio 188 (mail address: Casilla Correo 284), La Paz, Bolivia; Samuel A. Leao de Moura (medicine—analytical laboratories), Vasconcellos Tavares, 31-2° (mail address: Caixa Postal 513), Santos, Brazil; Marco A. Plaza S. (automobile retailing), Boulevard "9 de Octubre," 702-710 (mail address: Apartado 597), Guayaquil, Ecuador; Jorge Soto del Corral (civil law practice), Banco de Bogota 4° piso (mail address: Apartado 106), Bogota, Colombia; David J. Spinetto (food marketing), Victoria 2279, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

**European Advisory Committee**—Chairman: Jean Appleton (education—law), 99, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, France; Past Chairman: William de Cock Buning (past service), 't Hoenstraat 31, The Hague, The Netherlands; Past R. I. Directors: Maurice Duperrey (abrasives manufacturing), 19, rue de Paradis, Paris, France; Nils Parmann (savings banking), Øre Slottsgate 11, Oslo, Norway; Agripa Pescu (charity associations), Strada Paris 67, Bucuresti III, Roumania; G. M. Verrall Reed (building materials distributing), 33, Grove Ave., Muswell Hill, London N. 10, England. **Members-at-Large:** Kurt Belfrage (financial exchanges), Börshuset, Stockholm, Sweden; Edo Markovic (grain distributing), Brankova ul. 13, Belgrade, Yugoslavia; Edwin Robinson (fruit distributing), Castleford Market, Sheffield, England.

**R.I.B.I. Members:** T. D. Young (linen distributing), Royal Arcade, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England; T. J. Rees (education—general administration), Education Dept., The Guildhall, Swansea, Glam., Wales; P. H. W. Almy (general law practice), Bank Chambers, Torquay, England.

**R.I.B.I. Alternates:** Sydney W. Pascall (sugar confectionery manufacturing), James Pascall, Ltd., Streetham Road, Mitcham, Surrey, England (member, Rotary Club of London, England); Percy Reay (clothing manufacturing), 49, Piccadilly, Manchester 1, England; T. H. Rose (banking), Barclays Bank, Ltd., New Street, Birmingham, England.

**Representatives of Districts:** 47—Louis Renard (solicitor), 10, Passage d'Auxances, Poitiers, France; Alternate: Andre Pons (notary), 54, rue Houles, Mazarin, France. 48—Charles Jourdan-Gassin (insurance—life), 17, rue Alexandre Mari, Nice, France; Alternate: Emile Couibes (cement), 113, rue Vendome,

Lyon, France. 49—Charles Damay (tug service), 16, Quai de l'Île, Le Havre, France; Alternate: Paul Longuet (pharmaceutical chemical products), 48 bis, rue de Rivoli, Paris, France. 54—Louis F. Lambelet (freight shipping agency), Case Postale, Les Varennes (Neuchâtel), Switzerland (member, Rotary Club of Val-de-Travers, Switzerland); Alternate: Traugott M. Bruggisser (strawgoods importing), Wohlen VI, Switzerland (member, Rotary Club of Aarau, Switzerland). 59—J. Philip Korthals Altes (brewing), Smallpad 60, Amersfoort, The Netherlands; Alternate: Daniel de Jongh Wzn (efficiency engineering), Vijverlaan 2, Rotterdam, The Netherlands. 60—(No nominations). 61—Paul Erculisse (education—universities), 215, rue du Trone, Brussels, Belgium; Alternate: Camille Deberge (journalism), 10, rue Arthur Warocque, La Louviere, Belgium (member, Rotary Club of Du Centre, Belgium). 66—(No nominations). 67—Leif S. Rode (barrister), Karl Johansgate 27, Oslo, Norway; Alternate: Bjarne DidrikSEN (judiciary), P. O. Box 46, Sarpsborg, Norway. 69—Marcus Tollef (news bureau—foreign), Glogatan 8 (mail address: Villagatan 27), Helsinki-Helsingfors, Suomi-Finland; Alternate: Robert Lavorus (machine shops), Kalliohinnankatu 13, Helsinki-Helsingfors, Suomi-Finland. 75—Ernst J. Ipsen (motor organizations), Palaisgade 6, Copenhagen, Denmark; Alternate: P. A. Krause (drugs), Flakhaven 1, Odense, Denmark. 77—Radovan Alauovic (dry wood distillation), Gjorgjeva ul. 9, Zagreb, Yugoslavia; Alternate: Ivan Slekac (commercial banking), Miklosiceva 10, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. 78—Carl Harold Trolle (commercial banking), Storgatan, 16, Kalmar, Sweden; Alternate: Edward Wilhelm Peyron (past

service), Gustaf Adolfs Torg 16, V. Stockholm, Sweden. 82—Zoltan Koos (stock exchange), Budapest-sager 17 (mail address: Herman Otto—ut 38), Budapest, Hungary; Alternate: Bela von Entz (pathology), Pozsony u. 1, Pees, Hungary. 83—Baron Harold de Bildt (law arbitration—international arbitration), 7, Sharif El Fadi, Cairo, Egypt; Alternate: Francis A. Kettaneh (motor vehicles—distributing), P. O. Box 242, Beirut, Lebanon. 84—Prince Constantin Basarab Brancoveanu (agriculture), 76 Strada Sintinti Apostoli, Bucharest, Roumania; Alternate: Christian Pennescu Kertsch (automobile distribution), Sos, Iana 18, Bucharest, Roumania. 85—Count Witold Sagallo (coal mining), 7, Rakowiecka, Warsaw, Poland; Alternate: Piotr Drzewiecki (locomotives manufacturing), 71, rue Jerozolimska, Warsaw, Poland. 86—Ljuben Boshoff (civil engineering), ul. Krakia 12, Sofia, Bulgaria; Alternate: Stoyan P. Monchiloff (criminal law practice), Gorna Orehovitsa, Bulgaria.

**Representatives of Non-Districted Clubs:** Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania: Karolis Zalkauskas (government—supreme courts), Traku g. 18, Kaunas, Lithuania; Alternate: Juhan Kukk (cotton goods manufacturing), S. Karja, Taliina, E. tenis; Walters Woits (civil law practice), Blaumana 13, Riga, Latvia. Greece—Spilos Agapitos (community architecture), rue Karavia 18, Athens, Greece; Alternate: Charalios Cacouris (refined oil products retailing), Bl. Othonos Amalias 62, Patras, Greece. Portugal: Luiz da Rocha Machado (capital investments), rue Vieira de Castro, Funchal, Madeira, Portugal; Alternate: Mario de Carvalho (farming), Quinto do Viso, Viseu, Portugal.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD



## Rotarian Almanack 1939

*The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

**SEPTEMBER**  
—has 30 days and is the year's 9th month. It was once the 7th.



School bells once again pull reluctant boys past swimming pools. And when we too realize that the lazy days of Summer are over, we know exactly how they feel. Will anyone deny that the urge to play hooky from work-laden desks is less strong in boys grown tall than in the lads who trudge wearily to book-filled desks and force their smiles for "dere teechar"?

2—1938, Fourth Regional Conference opens in Stockholm, Sweden, with over 1,500 Rotarians and their ladies in attendance. Prince Wilhelm, of Sweden, addresses the delegates.

—1939, Australian Rotarians and wives gather at Sydney for the annual reunion of Districts 56, 65, and 76.

5—1923, With \$195 rushed to Rotary's President Gundaker, the Rotary Club of Dillon, Mont., is the first Club to contribute to sufferers in Tokyo earthquake disaster.

—1930, First issue of *Rotary Indie*, magazine for the Netherlands Indies, appears.

7—1881, Birthday of Donald A. Adams, Rotary International's 15th President.

—1916, Phonograph records of *In the Rotary*, a song composed and sung by Sir Harry Lauder, are released.

12—1872, Birthday of Chesley R. Perry, Rotary's Secretary.

13—1934, Rotary enters Iceland with the founding of a Club in Reykjavik, the nation's capital city.

17—1930, First Rotary Club of Siam is established in Bangkok, the capital. (Sketch above pictures a Siamese temple.)



**Total Rotary Clubs in the world (August 1, 1939) 4,976; and the total number of Rotarians (estimated) 209,700.**





## Rotary Around the World

*Brief news notes mirroring the varied activities of the Rotary movement*

### France

#### *Charities Helped by 'Pickpocket'*

PARIS—When a pickpocket works with reverse technique—that's news. But, happily, the President of the Paris Rotary Club was the "victim" of such an adventure recently. When he returned home one night, he found a strange envelope in his pocket. Inside was this note: "On the occasion of a happy event: 5,000 francs for emergencies; 5,000 francs for the community fund." And with it were two 5,000-franc notes! The windfall will be used by the Club as requested by the unknown donor.

### Argentina

#### *Refreshments for Newsboys*

BAHIA BLANCA—Newsboys enjoy the warmth of hot coffee and cream during the Winter months, thanks to the Rotary Club of Bahia Blanca, which started the idea of providing the lads with refreshment. The city provides a place where the beverage is served, and other organizations are now coöoperating in the work.

### Mexico

#### *Provide Dental Examinations*

CIUDAD DEL CARMEN—Sponsored by the Rotary Club of Ciudad del Carmen is a plan which provides periodical dental examinations for school students. This is being carried out in coöperation with the municipal officials.

### Canada

#### *Swimming Pool Prevents Tragedies*

REVELSTOKE, B. C.—Annually the Columbia River took its toll of swimmers from this community—but there was no other place for youth to swim until the Rotary Club of Revelstoke developed a safe beach on Williamson Lake. In

*The Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, Rotary Club gives a luncheon to honor the retiring Governor of the Island, Major General Blanton Winship, who is an honorary Rotarian (center).*

addition, the services of an instructor were obtained which made it possible for some 200 youngsters to learn the technique of natatorial propulsion.

#### *Hold 15th Annual Clinic*

KITCHENER-WATERLOO, ONT.—For the 15th year the Rotary Club of Kitchener-Waterloo conducted its clinic for crippled children. The Rotary Club of Preston also participated—for the 14th time. Altogether some 90 children were examined or treated. That the work is of great value is indicated by looking back over the many years it has been conducted. One can cite cases where persons now adults received help during earlier clinics and are now living normal, unhandicapped lives. Some patients who came as infants as many as 15 years ago are still receiving treatments and making progress toward normality.

### England

#### *Panel Honors Past Presidents*

FINCHLEY—Honoring its Past Presidents is a beautiful oak panel, six feet long and four feet high, with spaces for photographs of those who have headed the Finchley Rotary Club. The panel, presented to the Club by the Rotarian

*Always ready for instant use is the completely equipped lifeboat given to the local Sea Scout troop by the Rotary Club of Wethersfield, Conn.*

craftsman who carved and constructed it, was recently accepted by the Club at an unveiling ceremony attended by eight of the Club's Past Presidents.

### Chile

#### *Organize Public Library*

SAN BERNARDO—A vital community need was filled when the Rotary Club of San Bernardo recently presented a well-furnished library of more than 1,000 volumes to the city.

### Australia

#### *Truckload of Comfort*

KATOOMBA—When the Rotary Club of Katoomba appealed to its members for clothing to be distributed by the Salvation Army among the needy of the town, the contributions filled a truck. This clothing will provide Winter comfort for many persons.

### Japan

#### *Entertain 300 Orphans*

TOKYO—Three hundred orphan children were made happy recently when the Rotary Club of Tokyo entertained them with moving pictures. Candies and cookies were distributed among them and added to their enjoyment.

### Peru

#### *Honor Early Historian*

CUZCO—Commemorating the 400th anniversary of the birth of the famous South American historian Garcilaso Inca de la Vega, the Rotary Club of Cuzco recently was host at a brilliant inter-Club celebration. Rotarians from Abancay, Arequipa, Puno, and Sicuani attended. Also guests were dignitaries of the Government, church, and Peruvian universities. The feature of the meeting was an address relating the story of the great scholar and chronicler of early Peru.

### China

#### *Boys Learn Woodworking*

SHANGHAI—When a group of young Russian boys completed their school course and desired



to learn a practical trade, the Shanghai Rotary Club met their needs. The group was formed into a club and furnished with an instructor in manual training. Tools were purchased and the boys' enthusiasm has contributed to the success of the project.

#### Give Aid to War Orphans

CHENGDU—Helping to ease the sufferings caused by the strife in China, the Rotary Club of Chengdu has contributed to funds caring for wounded soldiers and war orphans. In addition, many Rotarians acting outside the Club have moved with humanitarian purpose—for example, one made available 500 quilts for the use of wounded men.

#### United States of America

##### Youth Group Wins Honors

HOLTVILLE, CALIF.—A trophy-winning chapter of the Future Farmers of America, sponsored by the Holtville Rotary Club—plays an important part in keeping this town's juvenile-delinquency rate at a strikingly low level. No doubt, the key to this successful youth work is its "personal appeal" technique. For example, each Rotarian has "adopted" two Future Farmer boys and watches their projects on the farm with keen interest. Now and then the lads attend Club meetings as guests of the "fathers," and there is much good-natured rivalry over the agricultural accomplishments of the "sons." This has acted as incentive enough to enable the Holtville chapter to win high honors in open competition with other Future Farmer groups.

##### Display Safety Posters

ASHEBORO, N. C.—A continuous safety campaign is sponsored by the Asheboro Rotary Club through the medium of striking posters. They are displayed in six strategic spots in the city and are changed every month.

##### Coöperate for Sign

MANHATTAN, KANS.—Coöperation gets things done in Manhattan. An example: the planning and building of three "welcome" signs by the Chamber of Commerce and the city's three service clubs, including the Rotary Club of Manhattan. The signs now greet visitors entering the city via the main highways.

##### Dedicate Meeting to British

TROY, N. Y.—Dedicating a meeting to British friendship, the Rotary Club of Troy recently projected a fine gesture in international understanding. Its International Service Committee sent letters to Rotary Clubs in many of the far-

*The camera records Rotarian activities of several Clubs (from top to bottom): The annual boys' picnic of the Hamilton, Bermuda, Rotary Club consumed 300 sandwiches, 300 cakes, 40 quarts of ice cream. . . . Aboard an airliner 10,000 feet up a New York Rotary Club Committee convenes its meeting. . . . Brazil, Ind., Rotarians sponsor 4th of July festivities for 10,000 people. Receipts went to the Club's welfare fund. . . . Members of the Rotary Club of Sydney, Nebr., dress in old-time attire to celebrate the anniversary of the completion of a railroad.*



Photos: (2d from top) Ralph Morgan; (bottom) Phelps



Members of the Rotary Club of Liberal, Kans., were the "show girls" in a benefit revue staged recently.

flung parts of the British Empire, replies from which were reproduced in a booklet issued at the meeting. Invited guests of the Club were many prominent leaders in British and American public, military, and business life.

#### Loans to Start Careers

RICHMOND, VA.—Student loan funds are common in Rotary Clubs, but the one recently established by the Rotary Club of Richmond is perhaps a bit different. It provides that the student desiring a loan must be studying with a definite vocation in mind. Most funds provide loans to juniors and seniors in colleges, and to graduate students.

#### Boost 'King Cotton'

HOLLANDALE, Miss.—Complete even to having a theme song is the campaign recently initiated by the Hollandale Rotary Club in behalf of King Cotton. The song, to the tune of *My Name Is Solomon Levi*, includes these verses:

Pick cotton for your dresses,  
Pick cotton for your frocks,  
Pick cotton for your children's clothes,  
Their washables, and sox.

Pick cotton for your husband's shorts,  
His Summer ties and shirts,  
For when you don't pick cotton,  
It hurts and hurts and hurts. . . .

But it is a more serious affair than this lilting song would indicate, for the aim is to bring the stark facts of the "cotton problem" to the attention of some 100,000 businessmen of the 12 Southern cotton-producing States. This will be done largely through civic and service groups. Materials are provided for a complete program based on the cotton theme. Money for the campaign, staged in co-operation with the National Cotton Council, is being raised in a novel manner. Each of the 26 Club members has been given \$5 "to put to work," and after 90 days the earnings from this money (plus the principal itself) are to be returned and used.

#### 'Father' Orphan Boys

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA—Orphan boys are made happy by an activity of the Council Bluffs Rotary Club. Members become acquainted with the lads, take them to their homes and to ball games—perhaps on an outing. Both get a great "kick" out of the friendships. Another group of boys were provided outfits of clothing.

#### Club Issues an Annual

TARBORO, N. C.—Featuring a concise biography of each member, the Rotary Club of Tarboro recently issued its annual *Tarboro Rotarian*. The Club's activities for the year are summarized and a story is told of fine accomplishment and spirit. Especially are the members proud of their orthopedic clinic, and to

the doctor who for years has aided the Club's Orthopedic Committee they dedicated this most recent booklet.

#### Save Six Boys from Reform School

AVON PARK, FLA.—When six lads recently came into conflict with the law and were about to be sent to the State Industrial School, it was



A Boy Scout camp is sponsored by the Rotary Club of Knoxville, Tenn., of which this cabin (top) is a part. . . . Beside the tree planted by late Rotarian Dr. Fong Sec at Bathurst, Australia, stand four members of the Rotary Club of North Sydney.

arranged instead to have them paroled to the Boys Work Committee of the Avon Park Rotary Club. Now, instead of resentment against society and possible criminal careers, the delinquents will be prepared for a decent chance to make good.

#### Community Youth Use Camp

JACKSON, Miss.—Having a full-blooded Sioux Indian, War Eagle Feather, in camp with them was perhaps the greatest thrill for the Boy Scouts who enjoyed the facilities of Camp Kickapoo this Summer. But it was certainly not all that the camp, built and maintained by the Rotary Club of Jackson for the benefit of the boys and girls in the community, offered them. Located in a Federal and State fish-and-game preserve, there are 197 acres of fenced "wilderness," including an 18-acre artificial lake, where campers see deer, wild ducks, geese, and turkeys. Some of the deer are so "civilized" they accept cigarettes from the hands of visitors. In the lake are many bream, trout, and bass. Camp Kickapoo has been operating for several years, and the Club makes some improvements in its facilities every year. It now has eight cabins, a mess hall, a shower building, and a caretaker's home. Not only is the camp used by Boy Scouts (members from 38 troops have been at the camp this season), but Girl Scouts and Hinds County 4-H Club members—as well as Rotarians who retain fishing privileges—find opportunity here for healthful recreation.

#### Good Eggs—Not by the Dozen

LAREDO, TEX.—To be a "good egg" is a coveted distinction in this town! As a means of establishing a better understanding among its members of youth problems and of acquainting

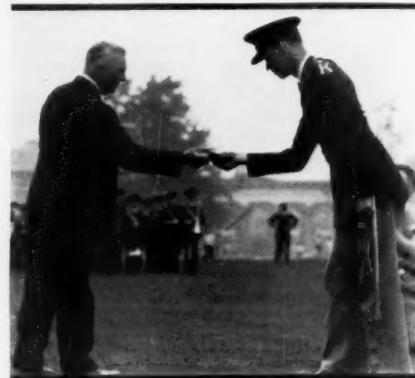
boys with Rotary's principles, the Rotary Club of Laredo requested two clergymen of different denominations each to select one boy to attend the weekly Club meeting. These boys are known as the "Good Eggs" of the week and are given pleasure they long remember.

#### Award Two Scholarships

TACOMA, WASH.—Basing its awards on character, scholastic record, and good citizenship, the Tacoma Rotary Club recently gave two scholarships of \$100 each to high-school graduates who otherwise would have been unable to continue their education. One of the boys is aiming for a career in chemical engineering, the other in aviation.

#### Appreciates Help Received

MARION, OHIO—Heartfelt appreciation for the part the Marion Rotary Club played in making him a happy youth is expressed in a letter recently received by the Club. It read as follows: "The other day I received a letter from the Children's Hospital, Columbus, in which I was



The Club's President is presenting the award offered by the Lexington, Ky., Rotary Club to the University of Kentucky's outstanding cadet.

a patient for 52 days in the Summer of 1937. In the days I was there, I had my left foot straightened. Without the help of the Rotary Club, I could not have had this done. . . . Now I am as well as anyone could be and I take this time to thank you, each and every one. . . . I was discharged from the hospital as cured. You don't know how happy that made me unless you have been crippled yourself. There aren't enough words in the dictionary to express my gratitude, but some day maybe I will be able to help to do the same for somebody else."

#### Find Jobs for 150 Youths

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—Since the Rotary Youth Employment Bureau was established by the Huntington Park Rotary Club last Fall, approximately 150 young people have found jobs through its services. Some have been part time, but many have been permanent connections.

#### Six 'Pasts' at Installation

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Perhaps somewhat of a record was the presence of six Past District Governors at the meeting of the St. Paul Rotary Club at which the year's officers were installed. Five were from the immediate District (117): O. B. McClintock, W. J. Stevenson, Edward M. Conant, Foster Kienholz, and Edward F. Flynn. One came from Winnipeg, Man., Canada: Charles R. Sayer.

# How to Improve Your Memory

## Try this Simple One-Minute Test

**Read this little story carefully. It may mark a turning point in your life.**

In the morning, first of all, your (1) ALARM CLOCK starts to ring.

You turn it off, and put on your (2) TROUSERS. Then you sit down on

a (3) CHAIR, pull up to a (4) TABLE and eat. After breakfast you buy

a (5) PAPER, get into your (6) CAR, and drive past a (7) POLICEMAN.

THOSE few sentences may not seem exciting as a story. But they may change the whole course of your life. They contain the first seven of an easy-to-learn series of KEY WORDS which have been used to test (and to rebuild) the "memory power" of over 60,000 men and women!

Each word, as you have noted, corresponds to a *number*. Each (once it has been learned) provides an easy "peg" on which you can hang your remembrance of a name, a fact, or a thing you must not forget to do. And this *numbered sequence* of key words makes it almost unbelievably easy—*effortless*—to remember whole *chains* of facts!

### An Amazing Memory System

How many of the seven words do *you* remember **RIGHT NOW?** Some people read them over once and remember *all* of

them. Others miss out on three or four. But (regardless of *your* score) the most **IMPORTANT** thing is that these first seven **KEY WORDS** (in that particular sequence) are part of a truly amazing memory-improving system which can build for *you* a memory that never fails!

How is it done? By a remarkable, yet simple method developed by Robert H. Nutt, one of America's greatest memory trainers. For 15 years Mr. Nutt has been teaching his method to the personnel of America's great corporations: Standard Oil Co. of Pa., N. Y. Stock Exchange, Fisher Body Corporation, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Penn Mutual Life Ins. Co., and many others. Now for the first time, he explains it in his new book, "How to Improve Your Memory"!

### Have You a Memory "Like a Sieve"?

How often have you been introduced to five or six people, and then—to your chagrin—have not been able to remember with certainty the name of even one of them a few minutes later! This book tells you how to plant names and faces so firmly in your mind that after a few days you will be able instantly to recall the names of small groups of people after you meet them. And then, after a few weeks with this system, you will be able to meet 100 strangers at a time... and call each by name any time in the future.

This book is guaranteed not only to do this but also to enable you to remember—without error or hesitation—facts, numbers, lists, appointments, sales points, data and statistics of all kinds. How many salesmen lose big orders because they forget one or two sales points that could swing the sale. How many people "queer" themselves socially through forgetting a name, anniversary date, or invitation. And how often a good job, or op-

### LEARN HOW TO

- remember names and faces
- instantly recall facts, figures, numbers, dates and statistics of all kinds
- perform memory feats that will amaze your friends
- retain what you read
- make a speech without notes
- remember sales points, appointments, market quotations, price lists, business details
- card-index your mind, and make it work quicker and more accurately
- make your memory pay you a profit
- recall, at will, good stories, legal points, shopping lists, speeches you hear, household duties, social appointments, etc.

portunity for advancement, hinges on the ability to marshal facts quickly, correctly. As William James, the great psychologist, said, "The man whose acquisitions stick is he who is always advancing whilst his neighbors, spending their time *relearning* what they have *forgotten*, simply hold their own."

### Proof In 5 Days that You Can Have An Excellent Memory

In a panel here are listed a few of the companies to whose staffs Mr. Nutt has taught his system. Such corporations do not subscribe to unproven ideas. They retain him because of past performance—after investigating what his training has done for the 60,000 men and women who have taken it!

This method is so easy, so practical, and so rapid in results that Mr. Nutt's book is sold on the guarantee outlined below.

### SEND NO MONEY

#### Try It On This Guarantee

Simply mail the coupon. When postman delivers "How to Improve Your Memory" deposit only \$1.96, plus a few cents actual postage charge. Then read this book for 5 days. If not convinced that Mr. Nutt's method has improved your memory, then return the book, and your money will be refunded. *Simon and Schuster*, Dept. 289, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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386 Fourth Ave., New York City**

Send me "How to Improve Your Memory," by Robert H. Nutt. When postman delivers it to me, I will deposit with him only \$1.96, plus a few cents actual postal charges.

I will read this book for 5 days. Then if I am not convinced that it has improved my memory I may return it and you will refund my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Check here if enclosing \$1.96 **WITH** coupon and we will prepay all postage charges. The same money-back agreement applies of course.

NOTE: If resident of N. Y. City, add 4c for City Sales Tax.



**ROBERT H. NUTT**

He has taught over 60,000 people how to improve their memories. Some of the organizations whose executives and employees he has trained are:

New York Stock Exchange  
B. F. Goodrich Co.  
Coca-Cola Co.  
Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.  
Standard Oil Co. of Pa.

Fisher Body Corporation  
Federal Reserve Bank,  
Atlanta  
Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.  
Bonwit-Teller  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

When writing to SIMON AND SCHUSTER, please mention "The Rotarian"

## Health Insurance?

**Voluntary Plans Point the Way—C. Rufus Rorem**

[Continued from page 14]

under the workmen's compensation laws of the various States, covering about 10 million workers for eight hours a day. These plans provide medical care and hospitalization for all injuries or illnesses arising from employment. Costs are met from payments by the employer to a private insurance company or a State insurance fund.

The United States Government operates no plans for workers' families or plans which protect the worker 24 hours a day, although the American Federation of Labor and the Congress for Industrial Organizations have both declared themselves in favor of compulsory health insurance. The only difference between them has been the unwillingness of the latter group to agree to a deduction from the worker's pay envelope for part of the cost. The American Farm Bureau Federation has actively supported voluntary hospital or health insurance, as have many business and industrial groups which view with alarm the political control that might attend legislative compulsion and governmental subsidy.

Just a year ago last month the Federal Interdepartmental Committee on Health and Welfare presented a comprehensive national health program to the National Health Conference in Washington, D. C. Prominent among the recommendations was health insurance. But the committee rightly listed several other problems as equally important: increased preventive service through public health activities, extended health service for the indigent and unemployed, improved hospital facilities for certain areas not well supplied, and unemployment compensation for workers during periods of sickness.

The National Health Bill (Senate Bill 1620), arising from the conference, contains no direct reference to health service insurance for employed persons, and it is unlikely that any of several health insurance bills now before Congress will be reported upon favorably by the Committees to which they have been referred. Compulsory health insurance bills have been introduced annually for 20 years in the various States, and those now before the legislatures have the support of organized labor. However, I am of the opinion that none will be passed this year, although the vote in California will be close.

Meanwhile throughout the United

States there is developing a limited type of health insurance for hospital bills only, under special legislation which permits nonprofit associations to contract with subscribers and hospitals under the supervision of the State departments of insurance and welfare. Since 1933 nonprofit plans for hospital-care insurance have been established in more than 60 cities and communities.

The membership in nonprofit hospital service plans had exceeded 4 million subscribers on June 1, 1939, as compared with 100,000 in July, 1935. At the present rate of growth the total membership will probably exceed 6 million persons by next January. The plans are coordinated through the Commission on Hospital Service of the American Hospital Association, which administers an approval program for plans which meet and maintain certain standards of public welfare, economic soundness, and professional qualities.

**N**O two plans are alike in detail, but all are alike in principle. Employed people pay monthly dues of 50 to 85 cents per person, and entire families are enrolled at amounts ranging from \$1.25 to \$2 a month, depending on the scope and nature of the benefits. Each person is entitled, if necessary, to three or four weeks of hospital service each year, usually in semiprivate rooms, including meals, nursing, operating room, laboratory, and other special services. Benefits do not cover fees to private physicians or nurses. The payment of such bills must be arranged for by the patient individually.

Each nonprofit plan is formed as a special association, with trustees selected from the hospitals, medical profession, and general public, who serve without

*"Hey, Lem'll, what's a vacation?"*



pay as do the trustees of a university, hospital, or social agency. Subscribers are enrolled in groups through their places of employment, and employers co-operate in the collection and payment of monthly dues. Representatives of the plans are paid on a salary basis.

At the time of sickness a subscriber has free choice of any member hospital where his attending physician enjoys staff privileges. The hospital is paid an agreed amount for each day of care to the subscribers. There is no interference in the relationships among hospitals, medical staffs, and patients. An attempt is made to enlist every hospital of standing as a member institution.

The essential economic feature of the plans is the joint guaranty of service by the group of member hospitals. These institutions agree to provide the service even though the resources of the plan might be temporarily insufficient to pay the established daily rates. More than 300,000 hospital bills have been paid, and no nonprofit free-choice hospital service plan has failed to meet its obligations to subscribers.

Nonprofit hospital service plans are, as has been noted, a form of insurance, guaranteed by the participating hospitals of each community, which in turn are supported by the general public. They are a substitute for Government-controlled hospitalization, rather than competitors of stock or mutual insurance companies. The public now owns the hospitals of America through an investment of 3 billion dollars by way of philanthropy and taxation. The voluntary hospital service plans are an attempt to organize the public buying power on a voluntary basis, without the disadvantages of political control.

Health insurance is not the same as State medicine. State medicine in the United States is a plan by which one group—the taxpayers—finances medical care for another group—the unemployed and the indigent. Health insurance is a plan by which an employed group of people finances medical care for itself.

Health insurance is not a panacea for all matters of public health. It does not guarantee a minimum income for doctors or hospitals. It does not lower the total costs of medical or hospital care, because the beneficiaries usually demand and receive more services than formerly. It does not guarantee accurate diagnosis or adequate treatment, even from the world's best-trained medical profession and best-equipped hospitals. It does not lower the death rate or birth rate. It does not provide medical care for the indigent or unemployed. It does not

*"Thank you"*



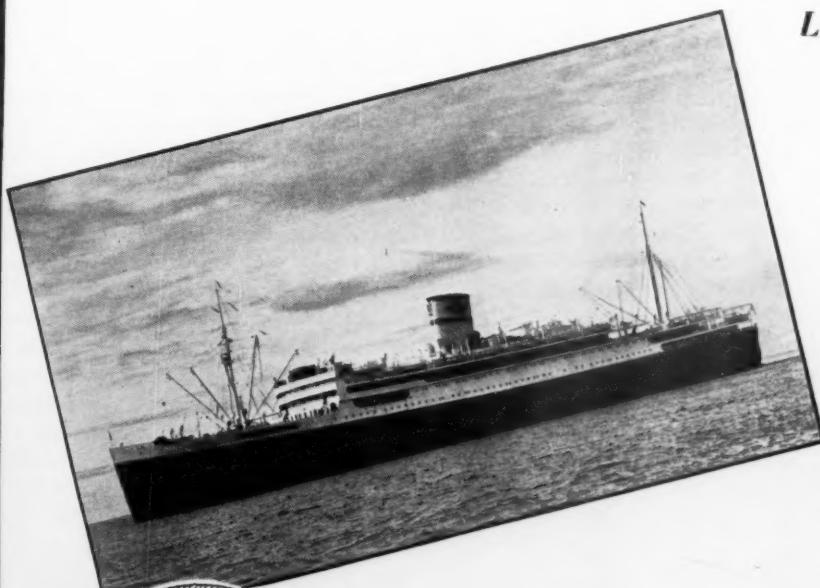
*A Message from LEO E. ARCHER,  
PASSENGER TRAFFIC-MANAGER OF  
MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, INC.*

*Speaking for my company, and myself, I wish to thank the large group of Rotarians who have already made reservations for the luxury cruises we are operating on the South American route in connection with next June's Rotary International Convention in Rio de Janeiro.*

*We are confident that those who travel to Rio de Janeiro on the Moore-McCormack Lines will be delighted with the service and facilities provided. I know that all who join in these cruise voyages are going to enjoy a memorable travel experience.*

*Sincerely,*

*Leo E. Archer*



**S. S. ARGENTINA** sailing from New York May 17th on the Pre-Convention Cruise...visiting Barbados, Rio de Janeiro (2 calls), Santos (2 calls), Buenos Aires and Trinidad. Returning to New York June 27th.

**S. S. BRAZIL** sailing from New York May 29th, on the Post-Convention Cruise...visiting Rio de Janeiro (2 calls), Santos (2 calls), Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Trinidad. Returning to New York July 8th.



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raise the general wage level or equalize the uneven distribution of wealth.

What does health insurance do? It removes the hazard of sickness costs for persons covered by the plan. It provides payments to practitioners and hospitals for many services that would have been rendered without remuneration. It permits employed people to place health service in their budgets along with other necessities. It reduces the need for paternalism and charity from the doctor, philanthropist, and taxpayer. It encourages early consultation with qualified practitioners rather than the use of patent medicines and quacks. It permits doctors to treat cases without regard to immediate income from the patient. It permits orderly evolution in methods of paying sickness bills without revolutionary changes in the entire economic order. It develops a sense of individual initiative. No one wants complete security in every respect; but everyone desires to remove the causes of needless insecurity.

Most European countries have some degree of health insurance, with legally required participation by certain employed groups. In no European country have health insurance plans ever been curtailed or discontinued, although they have all been revised and many expanded. It is sometimes said that health insurance has failed in Europe. It would be more accurate to say that Europe has failed in some phases of health insurance. There plans were established against the firm opposition rather than under the guidance of medical practitioners. Consequently, many mistakes were made that might have been avoided if the medical profession had coöperated on policies and procedures.

One of the primary objectives of European plans was to restore the worker's income rather than his health. This emphasis resulted partly from the fact that State medicine was already well developed for hospitalized illness before the health insurance plans emerged. Consequently, the health service benefits were rather limited. For example, in England, health insurance services in-

clude only general practitioners' service for the employee and not his family. The European plans were established to relieve the taxpayers as a group. The American objective has been to relieve the individual patient requiring care.

What are the prospects that voluntary hospital service plans will expand to include the services of practitioners in the hospitals and the homes? They are very slight. The hospitals of America are not in a position to guarantee the services of private physicians, surgeons, dentists, or nurses. Any such arrangement with the public would require the leadership and financial responsibility of the medical profession, and would need to be parallel rather than subordinate to hospital service plans. However, such an arrangement is working in Seattle, Washington. There the King County Medical Service Bureau has a panel of 300 doctors and about 40,000 employed persons enrolled in a voluntary health insurance plan. Newspaper reports indicate that several local and State medical societies are planning community-wide free-choice insurance plans for medical care open to the general public.

**V**OLUNTARY groups interested in the principle of insurance, but opposed to compulsory action by statute, have an opportunity and a challenge to develop an American plan of health insurance. Whether this will be a substitute, forerunner, or partner of compulsory plans, time will tell.

One cannot be *for* or *against* health insurance any more than *for* or *against* the multiplication table, railroads, or philanthropy. It is neither mecca nor mirage. It is the line of march, not the goal; the means, not the end. Health insurance is a method of financing health service in a manner which will reduce the hazard of sickness costs to the individual patient or his family. If it serves this purpose in whole or in part, it is worth while. But there will always be administrative and human problems to be solved in the march toward individual security.

have more than 6,200 acceptable hospitals, and the vast majority of medical care is given in those hospitals which are known as nonprofit, voluntary hospitals. These have been built out of that fundamental motive in every great religion which makes the care of the sick a high moral objective. The setting up of State compulsory sickness insurance systems would inevitably tend to throw the burden of serious illness on these hospitals. As in Great Britain, they would soon find themselves bankrupted by the State system. Moreover, the building of hospitals by the Federal Government and the equipment and maintenance of such hospitals, which would make even more difficult the work of the voluntary hospitals, would tend to destroy the voluntary system.

Compulsory sickness insurance exalts administration above the problems of the doctor and patient. The German system has for years employed more administrators than physicians. The reported costs of administration in different countries vary from 10 to 20 percent of the total income of the system. The bills for administration multiply while hospitals and laboratories deteriorate. The setting up of a State system introduces incompetent political control. Finally these systems throw such a burden of forms, blanks, and red tape on the doctor that he must spend anywhere from one to two hours of each day in satisfying the desires of the administrators for records.

Under the system of insurance against old age and unemployment, the worker receives cash to provide himself with what he needs. Under all systems, however, it is proposed to handle the problem of medical care not with cash, but with service. This question of payment in cash or in service is fundamental. Social-service workers oppose payment in cash because of the fear that either the worker will exploit the Government or the physician will exploit the Government. Somehow little has been said of the possibility that social-service workers may exploit the Government. Payment in service makes impossible any accurate, actuarial calculations as to the costs of the service.

Medical costs vary. With rapid progress the costs constantly increase. Under such circumstances the quality of the service is lowered to the patient, the medical profession and the hospital exploited, or modern methods neglected. If these conditions do not supervene, the system becomes bankrupt. There are excellent examples now available of this succession of events.

## Health Insurance?

### Maintain Doctor-Patient Relation—Morris Fishbein

[Continued from page 15]

encourages excessive attention to minor illnesses and complaints, and thus brings about deficiencies in the care of more serious conditions. The tendency of medical care under every compulsory sickness insurance system is to encourage a mechanical, unprofessional type of

service, giving a low grade of medical service to more people, but at the same time lowering the standards of medical service for all the people.

In the United States the hospital system has developed beyond anything available in any other country. We

The 1938-39 epidemic of influenza brought disaster to voluntary sickness insurance plans in existence in various parts of the United States, and threatened the financial status of hospitalization plans. Yet the epidemic of this year did not even approximate the scope or intensity of the influenza epidemic of 1918 or not a single insurance plan in existence in the country could have survived. Even the Government plan could hardly have survived under such circumstances.

Apparently it did not occur to the administrators to pass the increased cost along to the patients. The attempt is always made to balance the budget at the expense of either the hospitals or the doctors. The hospitals must get even by depreciating the quality or the amount of service rendered.

**I**N the United States today, under our present system, we have reached a high degree of scientific advancement and a quality of medical service that is supreme. The chief difficulties are the inequalities in the availability of medical service of this high standard for great groups in the population. Nevertheless, the medical profession has not remained static in meeting this responsibility. Thousands of experiments are now being conducted in various parts of the country with the aid of the medical profession, leading to new methods of distribution and payment for medical service. These plans include 75 insurance hospitalization plans, 54 hospital insurance plans, 500 medical and hospital benefit organizations, 20 flat-rate hospital plans, 2,000 industrial medical-care plans, 24 sick-benefit union funds, 300 group medical-practice plans, 300 college health service plans, and 28 States in which the Farm Security Board has set up a system.

Much is heard of the three or four group plans which have been opposed by the medical profession. These plans are opposed, not primarily because they represent experiments with new forms of distribution of medical service, but because their operation has brought into

the picture of medical practice business methods and commercialization which are fatal to medical science. Solicitation of patients, underbidding to secure contracts, and breaking down of the relationship between doctor and patient are three of the most serious aspects of such service. Opposition to all new plans is based wholly on the extent to which they deteriorate medical service, inhibit medical advancement, and break down confidence in the medical profession.

Every discussion of change in the nature of medical practice in the United States runs afoul of the habit of demanding an all-or-nothing policy in relationship to many human affairs. No scientific physician, and no established policy of the American Medical Association, has opposed social control where it represents the ideal method of dealing with medical problems. Already in New York some 35 percent of medical practice is State medicine or socialized medicine, most of it established with the encouragement of the medical profession. The work of the health departments in preventive medicine as applied to mankind in the mass, the sanatoriums for the tuberculous, the institutions for the insane, and the clinics for the care of the indigent and those able to pay only a small part of the costs of medical service are examples of socialized medicine.

But these are far different from a system wherein every individual would be taxed under a State or Federal law for the setting up of a bureaucracy to administer complete medical service to every person in the State, or to the majority of the people who would be included under a less than \$3,000 annual-income level or to one-half the people who might be included under a less-than-\$2,000-income level. The forms of socialized medicine which take increasingly from the individual more and more of the responsibility for his own existence and which enter increasingly into the intimate affairs of human life must be opposed by all who treasure the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness which mark the American democracy.

## I Like Small-Town Audiences

[Continued from page 13]

hard work and the human psychology lessons that small-town audiences had taught us. Perhaps the greatest difference between the road and the world audience of Broadway lay in that on the road there was an intensely personal affection for the actor and an honest feeling of awe for him that was a thing

apart from the mere admiration of talent.

I used to remark, in those bright young days of 23 Summers, that the 20th Century was properly and officially opened with my first attempt at a play called *The Governor's Son* at the Savoy Theater on Broadway! "Look out for success, my son," I used to say before I

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knew what it really was. "There's always a gag in it!" It seemed to come true, because a year later the four Cohans broke up for the first time since I was born, and I went out on the road alone, with my second self-made show, *Little Johnny Jones*. It was hard. I was always glancing in the wings for the "old man," or my mother, or Josie to come out and join me in my song and dance. There was that certain intimacy and friendliness, however, in the long-familiar audiences that both kept me up and pepped me up. Sentimental? I hope so. My gags and my lines were

all back-yard stuff, because I had learned to figure out that everybody's got a back yard where he lives with his heart and sentiment. I saw to it that Little Johnny Jones was no stranger there. I had long since learned, too, that the whole country had a yen for the great American Bagdad and its Main Street, which I brought to the surface of every audience when I sang *Give My Regards to Broadway!* I don't think the so-called sophisticated city ever quite got out of *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*, which I sang waving the flag, what its country cousins did. Some years later Abe Erlanger, who under-

stood the Broadway audience better than that of the broad highway, said that I couldn't write a play without a flag in it. I took up his challenge and wrote three flagless plays in a row: *The Tavern*, *The Miracle Man*, and *The Seven Keys to Baldpate*.

The Four Cohans were reunited just once more, in *The Yankee Prince*, which I wrote with my heart in it because I knew it was our last appearance as a one-family show. Every theater on the road seemed to turn out with houses crowded with old friends, as though they were saying "Hello!" and "Good-by!" to the Jerry Cohans and their kids. All the way from coast to coast we played with our eyes filled with Irish tears.

MY shirt-sleeve, corned-beef-and-cabbage days in the theater were over. Fifteen years of from soup to nuts as a Broadway producer and partner of Sam Harris followed. Oh, no, I didn't stop troupung. If anything, I think I troupung farther and harder than ever before. We would play Broadway and then go out on the long road. They tell me that I've written and played in a couple of score of plays, a few of them collaborations. I've played in a couple that other people wrote. Funny thing about *Ah, Wilderness!* and the rôle I played in it. I seemed to know the part by heart. I had seen and met that country editor and father a hundred times over the footlights. I had always wanted to play him! Looking back, I've had nothing but fun out of it all. I guess that is because I put so much hard work into it. That's another thing I learned on the road: that you'll get a long way in the theater with plenty of hard work and a little honest hokum.

Finally, let me say that although I've always been "onto" Broadway, I never got into Broadway life myself. I've been to just one night club—years ago. I travel a pretty straight line between the theater and home. A homebody? Perhaps. I've always been that way, when I could be long enough in one place to have a home. Lonely? Not so long as I have a few cronies of many years' standing. They all show up perhaps once a week. Maybe we talk. Maybe we don't. That's friendship. True, I live in an apartment, but it's opposite the broad green acres of the Park. Once every day I walk round the Reservoir with a piece of grass between my teeth, and play with the squirrels.

In a small town everybody would know me and that I was 61 years old on the Fourth of July. But here in the "big town" nobody knows—or cares.

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## The League Lives—and Labors On

[Continued from page 23]

the Covenant remains a truly colossal stride in human progress; it is inconceivable that the world, having once set itself this ideal, will ever, for any length of time, abandon it.

Curiously little, also, have people appreciated the dramatic nature of the Assembly, crowning piece in the League's organization. Where, in Hague Conference days, it was extraordinarily difficult to get the nations together, even on the most limited subjects, now representatives of all the half-hundred member-States of the League meet automatically on the second Monday in September to discuss a long agenda of common business. Their formal output has been tremendous, nothing less indeed than the first steps in the organization of international life in most of its branches; the informal output from all the contacts established has probably been even greater. These sessions constitute, in effect, world meetings, the 20th since the war opening on September 11 with an important agenda. Would anyone, even an ardent irreconcilable, wish this system, once established, to be abandoned and the world left without a single, regular, automatic meeting place?

**C**LOSELY akin is the Council, a smaller body originally conceived as a Great Power stronghold, but since democratically developed into a kind of quarterly executive meeting capable of handling many of the conflicts and executive details which the larger body is not equipped to handle. Practically every three months since the World War, this body has brought together leading statesmen from many nations; its 107th session will take place next month. Its output cannot be summarized in a phrase. Can anyone seriously doubt, however, that, in one form or another, the nations will have to have some such agency to handle affairs of common interest to them all?

Immediately associated with these two bodies is the Secretariat, the world's first permanent international civil service comprising some 500 officials of some twoscore nationalities. This body has shown that men from all corners of the globe and all races and religions of mankind can work together effectively, day in, day out, and can find in the universal good the good also of their own nations. The work they have done in preparing international conferences, keeping records,

assembling information, gathering statistics, registering treaties, and handling all the other details of day-to-day international life has been incalculable. More important than the details, however, this experience has demonstrated beyond dispute the practicability of an international civil service. Is it conceivable that, in this fast-integrating world, there will not always be the necessity for an impartial instrumentality of this sort to prepare the nations' common business?

Associated with the League are two autonomous agencies carrying on with complete autonomy in their special fields. First is the International Labor Office,\* which for the first time groups together Governments, employers, and workers in an association of their own, complete in all branches: annual Conference, quarterly Governing Body, permanent Office, and network of committees, which already in its first 20 years has laid the groundwork of international labor and industrial standards.

Second is the Permanent Court of In-

\* See *A Forum for Labor*, by K. K. Krueger, March, 1938, ROTARIAN.

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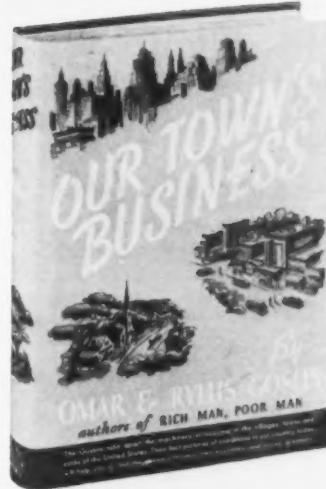
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international Justice,\* which, again for the first time, puts at the disposal of the nations a permanent judicial machinery with full-time judges, permanent staff, and independent headquarters, and which already has handled nearly 100 conflicts which previously might have festered into serious crises. The world has an imperative need of these labor and judicial agencies. Can there be any doubt that, whatever the difficulties of the moment, they will develop step by step with the increasing complexity of world life?

Next come the great technical organizations: Economics and Finance, Communications and Transit, and Health. How describe, in a word, the work these great agencies have done and are doing, the principles and policies they have laid down, the knowledge they have made available, the experts they have brought into contact? How give an impression of the vast sweep of the Brussels, Geneva, and London conferences; the constant meetings of expert committees on every problem; the invaluable reports on gold, double taxation, most-favored nation clause, customs formalities, and a host of other matters? Or the new laws of communications and transit, regulations for safety at sea and on the highway, and the like? Or the new health work, on a scale never before possible, with its world-wide epidemiological service; its universal standardization of sera; its campaigns against malaria, leprosy, and syphilis; and, more recently, its efforts to raise the world's standards of nutrition? Merely to mention these subjects is to glimpse what the world might be if men would consecrate their efforts to peace rather than to war.

Finally is a congeries of special committees in nearly all fields of international interest whose very existence is scarcely known to the ordinary newspaper reader. The anti-drug efforts of the world, embryonic to a degree before the creation of the League, have in 20 short years been brought almost to the point of actual world government, complete in every essential, law, legislature, research agency, and executive, with most precise results on this nefarious traffic.

Other committees are fighting the traffic in women, seeking to improve the condition of children, coöperating for the relief of refugees, overseeing the administration of mandated areas, while a whole special agency is bringing together the many scattered threads of cultural coöperation and contacts between nations. There can be no doubt but that,

once the international movement has begun in these many comparatively new fields of international interest, it will go on increasing and intensifying with the spread of human contacts and relationships.

But, it may be objected, fine though all this is, it may not save the world from the destruction to which it seems rapidly careening. That is true; those who believe in peace and civilization have been weak indeed; they have given the leadership over, at least temporarily, to the exponents of force and violence. The League has suffered tremendously from lack of support, beginning at the outset with terms of peace which were not generous and following along with the defection of the United States, the failure of the victorious powers to conciliate, the action of other powers in taking the law into their own hands, and finally the abandonment of the universal good for egotistical and even asocial purposes.

**N**O MAN can predict what price the world may have to pay for its blunders of the past 20 years. It may indeed have to wade through another nightmare of slaughter before it comes out to that degree of unity and coöperation which all the laws of progress and commonsense prescribe. If war comes, it is a fair prediction that the first task of the next peace conference, and not the last task, as at the Paris Conference, will be to prevent a repetition of the horror, to study why the last effort at international coöperation failed, and to make sure that the new one does not similarly fail.

If war does not come, the momentum of history will force mankind to resume the onward march of international coöperation and organization which has been temporarily halted by the conflux of economic and political upheavals.

In either event the League of Nations has an enormous contribution to offer. For, whatever its failures, the League has established a new way of life in the international field. It stands today, in the present difficult crisis, as the world's first general association of nations, with basic, even if modest, laws and agencies in nearly every branch of human interest and an experience rich in suggestion and guidance. The world may slip back temporarily, may even descend vertiginously, but its own fateful evolution prevents it from going back permanently. When the day comes that the positive-minded men of the world are ready to resume progress, the present League of Nations will be the starting point for the next forward move.

\* See *A Court of World Law*, by Laurence R. Campbell, March, 1939, ROTARIAN.

## Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance, 1939-40* (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

### FOURTH WEEK (SEPTEMBER)—New Frontiers for Rotary (*Vocational Service Week in Rotary*)

From THE ROTARIAN—

**Now, Newspaper by Radio.** Silas Bent. This issue, page 27. (An article on technological competition.)

**Rotary's 'Stepchild.'** Editorial. This issue, page 42.

**An Inventor Competitor.** Editorial. This issue, page 42.

**A Challenge to Management.** Samuel N. Stevens. July, 1939.

**Light on Object Number 2.** Editorial. June, 1939.

**Depressions Breed Revolutions Unless—** Sir Arthur Salter. June, 1939.

**Business, Cleanse Thyself!** H. I. Crawcour. Apr., 1939.

**Ah! That's Management.** Edwin B. Moran. Feb., 1939.

**Use Rotary in My Business?** Chesley R. Perry. Aug., 1936.

**Is My Competitor My Enemy? (debate).** Yes! Charles S. Ryckman. No! William R. Yendall. May, 1936.

Other Magazines—

**Seek Code for Management.** *Business Week*. Oct. 22, 1938.

Books—

**Business Ethics.** Frank Chapman Sharp and Phillip Gorder Fox. Appleton-Century. 1937. \$2.25. A discussion of fair-trade practices.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

**New Frontiers for Rotary.** No. 546.

**Competition and Business Management.** No. 545.

**Competitor Relationships.** Charles L. Pillsbury.

**Convention Proceedings, 1936.** Page 59.

### FIRST WEEK (OCTOBER)—Taking Time Out for Rotary (*Attendance Week in Rotary*)

From THE ROTARIAN—

**How to Keep Old Age from Being Crabbed.** Donald A. Laird. This issue, page 19.

**Attention! Attendance.** Editorial. This issue, page 43.

**A Mirror for Rotary.** Editorial. Aug., 1939.

**Meet the Clubs-of-the-Year!—A Report on Rotarian Service.** Mar., 1939.

**Passport to Friendship.** Editorial. Nov., 1938.

**Nothing Daunted.** Editorial. June, 1938.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

**Taking Time Out for Rotary.** No. 345.

**Attendance—A Means to an End.** No. 319.

### SECOND WEEK (OCTOBER)—The International Youth Hostel Movement (*Youth Service*)

From THE ROTARIAN—

**Knapsacking—Canada to Mexico.** Robert O. Foote. June, 1938.

**To See What's Over the Hill.** T. D. Young. Apr., 1936.

Other Magazines—

**British Youth Hostels.** *Recreation*. July, 1939.

**Now It's Youth Hosteling.** Willison Woodside. *Canadian Magazine*. Sept., 1938.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From American Youth Hostels, Inc., Northfield, Mass.:

**The Knapsack.** 16-page folder. 10c.

**Youth Hostel Handbook.** 50c.

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

**The International Youth Hostel Movement.** No. 695.

### THIRD WEEK (OCTOBER)—Interdependent or Self-Contained? (*International Service*)

From THE ROTARIAN—

**The League Lives—and Labors On.** Arthur Sweetser. This issue, page 22.

**Is the 'Union Now' Plan Practical? (debate).** Yes! Clarence K. Streit. No! George H. Clegg. Jr. Aug., 1939.

**No Time for Whittling.** Herman L. Turner. May, 1939.

**Straws in the Business Winds.** Walter J. Matheny. Feb., 1939.

**Commerce the Civilizer.** Daniel C. Roper. Apr., 1938.

**Restore Trade, Promote Peace!** Cordell Hull. Sept., 1937.

**Should We 'Buy National'? Yes!** Francis P. Garvan. No! Sir Charles A. Mander, Bart. June, 1936.

Other Magazines—

**Death by Tariff.** Raymond Leslie Buell. *Fortune*. Aug., 1938.

Books—

**America Faces the Future.** Edited by Charles A. Beard. Houghton-Mifflin. 1932. \$3. Articles by outstanding Americans on the question of economic planning, etc.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Foreign Policy Association, 8 W. 40th St., New York:

**America Must Choose.** Henry A. Wallace. 1934. 25c. The advantages of international trade, isolation, and a middle course.

From the Secretariat of Rotary International: **Interdependent or Self-Contained?** No. 753.

### Other Suggestions for Club Programs

#### HEALTH INSURANCE?

From THE ROTARIAN—

**Health Insurance? (debate).** Voluntary Plans Point the Way. C. Rufus Rorem. Maintain the Personal Doctor-Patient Relation. Morris Fishbein. This issue, pages 14-15.

**Who Should Pay the Doctor? (debate).** The 'Group.' William Trufant Foster. The Patient. Morris Fishbein, M. D. Nov., 1935.

Other Magazines—

**A Doctor of Their Choice.** Michael M. Davis. *Survey Graphic*. July, 1939.

**Intangibles in Medical Practice.** S. J. Kopetzky. *Vital Speeches*. Mar. 1, 1939.

**The British Health Insurance System.** H. E. Carlson. *Monthly Labor Review*. Jan., 1939.

**Voluntary Sickness Insurance System in Sweden.** *Monthly Labor Review*. Dec., 1938.

**Money or Medicine.** Harry Keelan. *Ken*. Oct., 1938.

**Socialized Medicine.** Harry E. Sigrist. *Yale Review*. Apr., 1938.

Books—

**Doctor, Here's Your Hat!** Joseph A. Jerger. Prentice Hall. 1939. \$2.75. The life of a family doctor who foresees group medicine as the next step.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Public Affairs Committee, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York:

**Toward a Healthy America.** Paul de Kruif. 1939. 10c.

**Who Can Afford Health?** 1939. 10c.

**Doctors, Dollars, and Disease.** William Trufant Foster. 1937. 10c.

From the Secretariat of Rotary International: **The Rotary Club and Community Health.** No. 617.

#### WINGS OVER THE WORLD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Clubs wishing to join in national recognition of "Air Progress," September 11-24, may obtain information by writing to Charles Horner, National Aeronautical Association, Washington, D. C., or to Fowler Barker, Air Transport Association of America, 135 S. LaSalle St., Chicago. The following reading suggestions will help build the program:

From THE ROTARIAN—

**Rivals of the Condor.** C. Lana Sarrate. This issue, page 31.

**Jules Verne and Rotary.** Editorial. This issue, page 43.

**The Near Way Is North.** Vilhjalmur Stefansson. June, 1937.

**Sky Freighters of the Northland.** James Montague. Apr., 1938.

Other Magazines—

**Atlantic Flight Competition Promised by Export Airlines.** *Newsweek*. July 3, 1939.

**Airway to Europe.** P. A. Clarkson. *Popular Science*. June, 1939.

**International Air Transportation.** J. T. Tripp. *Nation's Business*. June, 1937.

**No More Barriers.** *Collier's*. Aug., 1937.

Books—

**This Flying Game.** Henry H. Arnold and Ira Eaker. Funk and Wagnalls. 1938. \$3. History of aviation and vocational possibilities.

**Skyway to Asia.** William Stephen Grooch. Longmans, Green. 1936. \$2.50. Airways and airports of Pacific Ocean.



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Left to right: Contributors Bent, Fishbein, Rorem, Sweetser, Garritón

## Chats on Contributors

**D**OROTHY THOMPSON, one of the most influential women in America, reaches a vast audience as a columnist for 196 American newspapers, as a radio columnist, as a writer of six books. The degree of doctor of humane letters has been conferred upon her by six universities. Her interests and activities are varied, including the Mobilization for Human Needs, which this month inaugurates its campaign for community chests in 518 American cities. In private life she is the wife of Author Sinclair Lewis, who also has contributed to THE ROTARIAN. . . . For more than half a century has the name of **George M. Cohan** on billboards and in bright lights drawn theater-goers into the seats of playhouses from the Atlantic to the Pacific. His latest starring vehicle, *I'd Rather Be Right*, was one of the "hits" of recent years. He has written hundreds of songs, including *Over There!*, a tune millions sang while millions marched in World War days. *I Like Small-Town Audiences*, an account of the veteran's life on the stage, is told to Henry Albert Phillips, who, readers will readily recognize, is a frequent ROTARIAN contributor.



Miss Thompson

pathology at the University of Chile, a past president of the Medical Society of Chile, and the author of numerous scientific articles. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Santiago. . . . More than 350 magazines and newspapers have carried the Nature writings of **Robert Sparks Walker**, *Man—the Copyist*. A former editor of *Southern Fruit Grower*, now a free-lance writer, he has contributed frequently to THE ROTARIAN.

\* \* \*

**Donald A. Laird**, who tells *How to Keep Old Age from Being Crabbed*, has served as technical advisor for commercial organizations, is now director of The Ayer Foundation for Consumer Analysis, as well as director of Colgate University's psychological laboratory. He has written hundreds of popular and technical articles for various journals, including THE ROTARIAN. . . . Since 1918 has **Arthur Sweetser**, *The League Lives—and Labors On*, been associated with the League of Nations at Geneva. For many years a member of the organization's Information Section, he is now a League official with the rank of director. He is an American. . . . An authority on news and the press, **Silas Bent**, who describes here *Now, Newspaper by Radio*, is famed for his book *Ballyhoo—The Voice of the Press*, which is but one of a large output of literary works. Once a staffman for the *New York Times* and *Nation's Business*, he now does free-lance authoring. He is a previous ROTARIAN contributor. . . . **Quentin Reynolds**, *My Pet Hate Is—Golf!*, a former European news correspondent, is associate editor of *Collier's*. . . . **George Kent**, who contributes *Every Parent a Diplomat*, is a journalist who writes for *The Reader's Digest*, *Survey Graphic*, and other publications. . . . **C. Lana Sarrate**, *Rivals of the Condor*, a Special Representative of Rotary International, was formerly a professor of metallurgy in the Technical College in Barcelona, Spain, and a member of the Spanish Parliament. While in Spain he was a member of the Barcelona Rotary Club. . . . **Henley C. Hill**, who inaugurates a series of Portuguese lessons with *Let's Learn a Bit of Portuguese!*, is a native of Brazil who lived in the United States for ten years, has recently returned to South America to enter business. . . . Once again **William Lyon Phelps**, New Haven, Conn., Rotarian, adds a chapter to his *May I Suggest*—series with a discussion of new books. He is professor emeritus of English literature at Yale University.



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Left to right: Contributors Walker, Hill, and Sarrate.

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